THE PASTORAL LOVES OF DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

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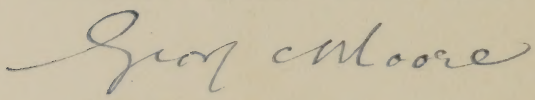

THE PASTORAL LOVES OF DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

DONE INTO ENGLISH

By GEORGE MOORE

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INTRODUCTION

MOORE. Draw your chair closer, Whittaker, and let us talk once more of books. Whilst I wrote *The Brook Kerith* we talked of the Gospels and the Epistles, of Josephus, Philo-Judaeus, and Apollonius of Tyana; and when I was writing *Héloise and Abélard* we talked of John Scotus Erigena of the ninth century, of the Realists and Nominalists of the twelfth. We have talked so much philosophy and Greek literature round this fireplace that it is associated with you in my thoughts; so draw your chair a little closer—the evening is cold, and tell me of the book you are reading this year. I, too, am reading every day like you, here and in the public libraries. But before I begin to talk of the purpose of my reading, I would ask you how the letter that I wrote to you last night struck you. As the words came back to me this morning whilst I shaved they seemed hysterical, for to find that the self I had come to look upon as myself, as the only part of me that mattered, had deserted me, never to return, is no less alarming than a doctor's diagnosis of

a cancer. I speak, of course, of my gift of writing, which, great or small, was all I had. I change and change what I have written; I tear it up and begin again; but what I have in my head does not get upon paper, if I have anything in my head beyond merely floating images. And this struggle has been going on for weeks, nearly two months, leaving me near to the superstition, Whittaker, that some demon has come between me and literature. I know this is nonsense, but in the vacant hours all kinds of thoughts come into a man's head. He sits in his armchair, hardly daring to raise his eyes to the writing-table, tempted by it, but continual failure has left him without courage; and as the long day wears itself out he begins to dread himself and the coming day. You surely have felt like this, Whittaker, not so intensely, perhaps, for you have a remedy against the disease that I have not. You go to the reading-room of the Museum and escape from yourself in three thousand pages of Proclus, or in a third reading of *The Divine Comedy*, or in a second reading of the complete works of Ben Jonson, or in the twenty-five volume edition of Michelet's *History of France*.

WHITTAKER. I read three thousand pages of Proclus so that I might add a new chapter to my *Neo-Platonists*; and finding myself without a subject, for I cannot write history—I

must have a philosophical thread—I continued reading him.

MOORE. Until something struck you, and you wrote your account of Macrobius and became a happy man again. But I, Whittaker, shall never be happy again.

WHITTAKER. As soon as you find a subject you will be.

MOORE. I am not without subjects; my head is full of subjects for books; but I cannot bring myself to write any one of them, wherefore my case is the more desperate. I have studied my case in the evenings, and it seems to me to proceed out of a weariness of myself; I have outlived myself, that is it. Every man is at tether and his wanderings are round and round himself, seeing the old thoughts and inventions returning in the midst of the old vocabulary of which he is weary. I cannot tell you more. And unable to bear with myself or my life (one's life is oneself, Whittaker), I, too, have turned to books, but my attention wanders from the page I am reading. I lost years ago the gift of reading, and now it seems that I have lost the gift of writing.

WHITTAKER. I have often heard you say that you would like to translate a book.

MOORE. I have envied Lang's *Theocritus* and the felicity of Pater's renderings of old French.

WHITTAKER. A translation will give you a

new point of view, and when the translation is done you will perhaps be able to return with zest to the book you have abandoned.

MOORE. You speak words of comfort, Whittaker, and if your advice fails to restore me to health and sanity it will be because the patient is beyond human aid. So you would advise me to translate? I believe myself to be one of those who ask for advice not to spurn it but to follow it. Find me a book, Whittaker, and I will do my best with it. But find me a masterpiece! Nothing short of a masterpiece will satisfy me, and I am afraid that all the masterpieces have been already translated. Plutarch's *Lives* would have suited me fairly well, but North has made them an English classic; and Adlington has girthed *The Golden Ass* with an English saddle that has lasted for three hundred years. I once thought of translating Rousseau's *Confessions*, but the *Confessions* are too long and the narrative withers when it emerges from the past into the present; and I have thought, too, of translating Laforgue's beautiful book, *Les Moralités Légendaires*. The book was published in Dujardin's *Revue Indépendante* at the same time as my book *Les Confessions d'un Jeune Anglais*, and it has often seemed to me to be my duty to translate Paul Laforgue, for I was his contemporary and the enthusiasms and aspira-

tions of the period are part of my memories of Paris, memories that I am continually drawing upon. But in my present mood *Les Moralités Légendaires* would not be of much help to me. I need a more radical change than a trip from London to Paris. Laforgue, after all, is a modern like myself. You said a translation would give me a new point of view, and a new point of view I can only get from a pre-Christian book, for I would escape from modern thought into Paganism.

WHITTAKER. Have you thought of *Daphnis and Chloe*?

MOORE. *Daphnis and Chloe*? A large book printed in Greek characters and embellished with steel engravings by Prudhon and Gérard that a friend saw in the window of an Oxford Street bookseller and, wishing to make some return for a service I had done him, presented to me, a book that I lent you one evening, Whittaker. You took it away——

WHITTAKER. And brought it back.

MOORE. So you think *Daphnis and Chloe* is the book I ought to translate?

WHITTAKER. I shall be able to tell you after seeing some pages.

MOORE. It recounts the fortunes of two foundlings, a boy and a girl, one of whom was suckled by a yoe and the other by a she-goat, and how these twain strove to assuage their

love with kisses—so much I have picked up in conversation, and an incident often chuckled over of a married woman who fell in love with Daphnis and availed herself of the pretext that an eagle had attacked a lamb——

WHITTAKER. I think it was a gosling.

MOORE. Availing herself of the pretext that an eagle had attacked something . . . continue the story.

WHITTAKER. She beguiled Daphnis into a thicket, and when he was about to run to Chloe to impart the knowledge he had acquired she called him back and begged him not to forget her and always to remember that it was she and not Chloe who made a man of him.

MOORE. The fortune of the book hangs on the next scene; for Chloe will ask Daphnis how he discovered the secret that escaped them so long.

WHITTAKER. He tells Chloe nothing.

MOORE. And so deceives her!

WHITTAKER. Not exactly. On descending the hillside a little scared, and finding Chloe under the pine tree where he left her weaving a wreath of pine needles, he begins to look upon her as his future wife, and henceforth there is a strictness in his conduct that there was not before.

MOORE. How exquisite, true, and far beyond the ken of our fabled psychologists, French,

Russian, American! It was Lang, I think, who spoke of Theocritus as the last effort of Greek genius, overlooking *Daphnis and Chloe*, the root, the seed of prose narrative the which we call novels; and for the sake of Daphnis's reticence the story has doubtless been claimed as the little celandine, the first blossom of Christian morality.

WHITTAKER. Daphnis himself explains, but the eager Christian snatches at the celandine undeterred, and leaving him I will tell you that the scene that follows is one that you will appreciate, for whilst the simple shepherd and shepherdess sit under the pine tree watching their flocks a fishing-boat bringing fish to Mitylene passes along the coast, the fishers singing an old ancestral chant.

MOORE. I catch a glimpse of the scene in your telling.

WHITTAKER. A very faint glimpse, if any. As the boat doubles a promontory the rocks repeat the chant in a different key, whereupon Daphnis tells Chloe of the sad death of Echo.

MOORE. When you brought back the book to me you spoke without enthusiasm, saying no more than that you had read it with pleasure and had recourse to the dictionary only three or four times.

WHITTAKER. I found you absorbed in the dispute between the Nominalists and the Real-

ists, and you know it takes two to make a conversation.

MOORE. Go on talking, Whittaker; I like to listen to you. The evening began dismally among forebodings of suicide, but it has improved wonderfully since you began to tell me this Greek story—the serene evening, the waveless sea, the chant of the sailors, and the shepherd and shepherdess in the woods, a great change having come upon their lives, Daphnis with a suspicion of it, Chloe knowing nothing yet.

WHITTAKER. You will appreciate every line of the story when you read it.

MOORE. I would hear from you of the foster-parents; are they in firm or shaky outline?

WHITTAKER. The story is well furnished with types of character, and if I may speak of myself as a philosopher——

MOORE. My dear Whittaker!

WHITTAKER. I would say that so great was the poet's genius that he made one whose business is with human reason rather than with human instincts feel that he had conceived the characters so clearly——

MOORE. That a simple outline was enough to fix them. Yes, I think I can see them. And now about the criticism the story has met with in its long passage down the generations beginning—when?

WHITTAKER. Critics are not agreed. The story has been attributed to the ninth century, but the consensus of critical opinion is to attribute it to the second, it seeming plain that the author wrote in the afterglow of Paganism, when its rituals were retained only in affectionate remembrance of the past.

MOORE. If we were to concern ourselves overmuch with Homer's belief in the divinities he relates, we should be obliged to attribute the composition of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* to the second or third century.

WHITTAKER. The Siege of Troy gives us the approximate date of the composition of both poems, but in the case of the pastoral we have only the language to guide us. The name of the reputed author, Longus, is not mentioned by Photius or Suidas.

MOORE. Who are they?

WHITTAKER. Bibliographers of the second century who have preserved the names of many Greek writers.

MOORE. Longus is a Latin name.

WHITTAKER. And it is doubtful if there is any precedent for a Greek writer assuming a Latin name. But the name appears on most of the manuscripts, and on a very early manuscript some remarks that have given rise to conjectures that Longus was a sophist famous for subtle arguments and ingenious paradox.

MOORE. An artist should leave manuscripts from which a complete biography may be drawn, or destroy every scrap of paper and rely on legend.

WHITTAKER. The silence of Photius and Suidas regarding Longus is strange, for Longus was imitated by Achilles Tatius and Xenophon of Ephesus, two writers whom Photius and Suidas never wearied of praising.

MOORE. Wherefore we may assume the popularity of the pastoral in antiquity, for only what is generally admired is imitated. But since the appreciations of Photius and Suidas have been withheld from us, tell me how the pastoral has fared among modern critics.

WHITTAKER. Villemain, in his *Essai sur les Romans Grecs*, compares *Daphnis and Chloe* with Saint-Pierre's romance, preferring the French to the Greek for its superior morality, and giving as his reason for his preference that the French story is based on Christian principles.

MOORE. But instinct, which is God's morality, seems to have kept Daphnis in the straight path.

WHITTAKER. To remain in the straight path instinctively is not enough for priests. The matter was referred to Goethe, and he awarded the palm to Longus.

MOORE. I marvel! You seem to know every-

thing about the subject. When did you begin to study it?

WHITTAKER. Whilst waiting for the inspiration that led to my book, *Priests, Philosophers, and Prophets.*

MOORE. Other nineteenth-century critics have written about *Daphnis and Chloe*, and if you are not already weary of the subject I shall be glad to listen.

WHITTAKER. We who are interested in literature are always glad to talk of Sainte-Beuve.

MOORE. Ah! so Sainte-Beuve has written about *Daphnis and Chloe*. But of course! It seems to me that I was never more ready to listen than I am now, so pray gratify me whilst the desire is upon me.

WHITTAKER. I feel that I am quoting or at least interpreting Sainte-Beuve correctly if I say that he looked upon the pastoral as a story written in a bad, self-conscious style.

MOORE. Implying thereby that the subject was born out of due time, a fate that seems to have befallen all pastoral literature.

WHITTAKER. To be more precise, Sainte-Beuve's criticism amounts to this: that the pastoral was written when Greek style was concerned with skilful divisions of the sentence and the linking together of these artistically—with the use of assonance and of antithesis both in words and ideas.

MOORE. I understand. Sainte-Beuve looked upon *Daphnis and Chloe* as a foundling that had survived thirteen hundred years in decrepit Greek and corrupt manuscripts, and had then the good fortune to come into the hands of Amyot, a pious Bishop who brought to the babe a lovely white shift, a green gown, and a girdle embroidered with lilies.

WHITTAKER. It is pleasant to hear you praise Amyot's French. I did not even know you had read him.

MOORE. Coming on his translation of Plutarch in a friend's library one afternoon, I sat reading it for an hour or more.

WHITTAKER. Do you remember your impressions on opening Amyot for the first time?

MOORE. On opening his *Plutarch* I was struck by a simplicity so extreme that I am sure he seldom opened a dictionary. . . . As likely as not there were no dictionaries to look into in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and to the absence of these aids to composition we may, perhaps, attribute some of the innocency of Amyot's style, long winding sentences rising out of an inner sense of proportion and construction, and these are often happily followed by a short sentence, but not always, for Amyot had no thought for rule, nor needed one; his prose always obeying the law of its

own being — rhythm, folding and unfolding like a cloud it goes by.

WHITTAKER. Wherein lies his secret?

MOORE. At the heart of the Renaissance, at the heart of May. The Renaissance, which had just reached France from Italy and was calling her children, inviting them to believe that art was to help men to appreciate life and to enjoy it and that it was better to create than to carp, accepted Amyot's redundancies without wincing, for all the words were beautiful and all the turns of phrase exquisite. And being a true child of the Renaissance he could write *une ville bouillante* without shocking us; children can say many things that grown-ups would not dare; and I look forward to enjoying the same innocency in his translation of *Daphnis and Chloe*.

WHITTAKER. I am afraid that the good Bishop did not always try to translate, and his misreadings of the Greek are so numerous that his text has never been republished without corrections (I speak on the authority of Courier).

MOORE. Our Universities are filled with men who prefer verbal truths to beauty.

WHITTAKER. You speak slightingly of scholarship because you do not know the manuscripts that have come down to us. All are corrupt, and it was only by comparing one

with another that a fairly comprehensible text was arrived at near the end of the eighteenth century.

MOORE. I am thankful for the work done by scholars on the manuscripts and am sorry they could not refrain from editing Amyot.

WHITTAKER. The pages missing in the manuscript that Amyot worked from have been since discovered. Would you not allow them to be added to his text?

MOORE. An Appendix is the place for corrections. Pater thought it useful to read the dictionary for the words he did not care to use. . . . But you spoke of some missing pages. Will you tell me who was the lucky finder?

WHITTAKER. Paul Louis Courier.

MOORE. You mentioned his name just now, and the name is not unknown to me, I might even say it is familiar. It belonged to somebody who lived at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but I do not know whether to attribute it to a statesman or an historian. Paul Louis Courier—ah! one of Madame de Staël's lovers?

WHITTAKER. I have never heard his name attached to Madame de Staël's. He was one of Napoleon's officers and exceptional only in this, that he left the army after the battle of Wagram for some technical reason which I cannot recall; nor do I remember what brought

him to Florence, only that he tells in one of his public letters that he and Mr. Akerblad went to the Laurentian Library and were shown a very ancient manuscript of *Daphnis and Chloe*, in which he discovered the pages that were missing in all the other known manuscripts, and that he handed it back to the librarian and thought no more about it.

MOORE. Why do you say he thought no more about it?

WHITTAKER. *Je le rendis et n'y pensai plus* are Courier's words.

MOORE. Before you proceed further into your interesting story I would like to say that I disapprove of Monsieur Courier.

WHITTAKER. You think that he should have informed the librarian of his discovery?

MOORE. The incident you have related discloses Courier in the character of a pamphleteering soldier who knew Greek and looked upon art as a means to an end rather than as an end in itself. An artist would have cried out: Why, here are the pages! But do you continue the story.

WHITTAKER. In his letter to Renouard he writes that after travelling in Germany, France, and Switzerland, he returned to Florence and copied the missing pages, and had his copy verified by the librarian. Some ink was spilt upon the manuscript which the librarian de-

clared to have been spilt advisedly and propensely, Courier maintaining, however, that the blot of ink was accidental and the damage done to the manuscript but slight, only twenty words being effaced. Popular imagination, however, spread the ink over the newly discovered pages, and very soon it came to be believed that Paul Louis Courier, by a dastard act, was now the possessor of the complete text of Longus, out of which he would make large sums of money, variously reckoned by the different newspapers. To these personal attacks Courier replied that he was not a professional writer, that he had offered his copy of the pages to the librarians as atonement for the mischief he had done inadvertently, but it was refused. The librarians then demanded the copy; Courier, angered by their insolence, declined to give it; whereupon the Italian newspapers began to denounce Courier, and his replies to their attacks remaining unpublished, he sought out a printer who knew no French to set the type of a pamphlet in which the whole story of the blot of ink was told. The secret printing of the pamphlet was betrayed, and the Government sent a squad of soldiers to seize the copies; but a hundred escaped destruction to fall into the hands of the journalists, whose cries of hatred became so loud and prevalent that the Government begged Courier to leave Italy.

More than that I cannot tell, for it is some years since I read Courier's letter to Renouard, and the story is really so complicated and so difficult to follow, even in Courier's letter, that I would not trust myself to a complete telling of it. All I remember is that we read in the aforesaid letter of stolen manuscripts and edicts of expulsion.

MOORE. So he had to leave Italy?

WHITTAKER. Yes; and whilst Napoleon marched from city to city scholars thought only of the edition of the pastoral that Courier was preparing.

MOORE. So he, too, translated the pastoral?

WHITTAKER. He translated the missing pages, corrected Amyot's misreadings, and was honest enough to admit that Amyot had translated certain passages so beautifully that a retranslation of them was out of the question.

MOORE. As an epitaph for Courier's tomb I offer these lines:

> By blessed fate I may not die again unless
> with an immortal!

WHITTAKER. The pleasure of a gibe should not prevent you from acknowledging that not only France but all the world owes a complete Longus to Courier.

MOORE. If Courier had not discovered the missing pages somebody else would.

WHITTAKER. The same may be said of Columbus.

MOORE. Columbus discovered a continent that does not bear his name, but Courier was more fortunate; and our debt to him is not for finding the pages but for the skill and respect with which he edited Amyot's text.

WHITTAKER. I am with you in this, that Amyot's mistakes might have been corrected without insolent remarks such as: *Erreur grossière*! Courier was a good Greek scholar and one who knew his own language so well that he once began a translation of Herodotus into sixteenth-century French; so I do not see why he should not have translated the great lacuna into French that might well pass for Amyot's.

MOORE. A man's style is part of his mind and of the life he has lived, and the world might be searched all over for two men more different than Amyot and Courier. Your description of this violent, pamphleteering soldier whisked me out of the present back into an evening long ago at Henley's, when a voice growling out of a red beard said: Lang could mend a kettle, put a spout on a kettle, but he could not make a kettle.

WHITTAKER. But you do not think of Lang as a tinker. His translation of Theocritus is your favourite reading, and I have heard you

say that his introduction to Theocritus is the most beautiful ever written.

MOORE. And I think so still.

WHITTAKER. If you consider the work Courier did as a tinker's, I wonder what you would think of Angell Daye's translation.

MOORE. His version is in this house, but I could not read it.

WHITTAKER. It contains more Daye than Longus, and is very inferior to George Thornley's translation published in 1657. Thornley follows the Greek story scene for scene in a rough sort of way; but I do not think anybody would continue reading it for his pleasure, so dry and lumpy is his style, uncultivated rather than barren. He strikes out a good phrase sometimes, but adds too many words, and it is understood that he worked from the Latin version published in 1569.

MOORE. You will not, or cannot, understand that translation does not escape from the law over all this earth. For a book to live again it must be born again, and for that happy fate to befall, the book must come to a man of the same intellectual kinship as the original author and be relived in its every scene and conversation. So did Adlington translate Apuleius. . . . Whittaker, of what are you thinking?

WHITTAKER. I was casting about in my mind for the wise words that Pater said about

translation, and think I have collected them: *Plato, for instance, being often reproducible by an exact following, with no variation in structure, of word after word, as the pencil follows a drawing under tracing-paper, so only each word or syllable be not of false colour, to change my illustration a little.*

Moore. Everything that Pater said was wise and true and more beautifully said than it ever was before or ever will be again; but I must remind you that Pater was speaking of Plato, whose scientific vocabulary has become the common language of Europe, so there is nothing surprising in the fact that Plato can be sometimes reproduced by an exact following of word after word. Pater translated carefully chosen fragments only; moreover, in his translation of *Cupid and Psyche* he must have omitted many sentences or Adlington have added as many, and it seems to me more likely that Pater dropped than that Adlington added, for Pater could not do else than bring Apuleius into the harmony of *Marius*, as he would say himself, so that there might be but one style, one spirit and temper. Pater was never concerned with idiom—by idiom I mean ungrammatical phrases that usage has consecrated, and I would ask you if idiom can be reproduced by an exact following, with no variation in structure, of word after word, as the pencil

follows a drawing under tracing-paper? Another thing: Longus wrote five hundred years after the great period. The meanings of words had changed; new idioms had arisen; true that Lucian—— But we will not waste time in discussion, for we have no more than an hour before you will have to run away to catch your train. The Greek text that I lent you is in that cupboard under the bookcase. I will fetch it. . . .

WHITTAKER (*reading*). 'In the island of Lesbos, whilst hunting in a wood sacred to the nymphs, I beheld the most beauteous sight that I have seen in all my life—an incised image which represented the incidents in a tale of love. The grove itself was charming——'

MOORE. A moment, Whittaker. Before you proceed any further I would ask you to tell me what is meant by an incised image.

WHITTAKER. Those are the words.

MOORE. But the words convey nothing to us. The first readers of the pastoral read a different text or read perplexed, for we are not told if the image be great or small, if it be six inches or six feet high, nor if it was carved out of wood or out of marble, nor whether it stood on a pedestal or was hung on a tree.

WHITTAKER. On reading to the bottom of the page I see that the image represents women

in labour, others loosing the swaddles of their babes, young couples united in love.

MOORE. The incidents you have just read might be represented in a frieze round the walls of the cave, or they might be represented in a painted carving.

WHITTAKER. If I am not mistaken Courier did expand this passage. I think his words are: a painting, a history of love.

MOORE. A history of love is a vast subject indeed for an incised image to recount, for animals have love stories, birds too, mayhap insects.

WHITTAKER. I admit the meaning to be vague, but I am not certain that a vague meaning should not be represented—

MOORE. By another vague meaning? Certainly, if we look upon translation as a science; but if we consider it as an art, no. Science appeals to our reason, art to our imagination; from one we get instruction, from the other pleasure.

(WHITTAKER *continues reading*.)

MOORE. You are translating beautifully, Whittaker, and I am loth to interrupt, but if I do not I shall forget the question that I'd like to put to you. Longus begins by saying that Lamon, the goat-herd, found a child in a thicket, and then he goes on to describe how Lamon was led to the discovery by watching

a she-goat push her way into a thicket, and following the goat he found the child lying under the udder of the she-goat on tufted grass soft as wool. The original poet would have written: Seeing a she-goat one hot noon leave the herd and push her way into a thicket, Lamon followed the goat and found a child; and I claim for the translator the right to transpose a sentence if the narrative can be improved by the change.

WHITTAKER. I admit that the transposition makes better narrative, but still question the right of the translator to improve upon the original.

MOORE. But, Whittaker, the mere transposition of a sentence!

(WHITTAKER *continues reading.*)

MOORE. Once more forgive me for interrupting. It is all very beautiful, but I should like to know if the pool or basin is inside the cave or outside the cave.

WHITTAKER. I cannot tell you. The Greek text is vague, I might almost say incomprehensible.

MOORE. In the first paragraph we are told that the water flows away, the nourisher of many pleasant lawns. There cannot be two springheads, nor two caves, and the springhead described on the page you are reading must agree with the springhead described on the first

page. You see, Whittaker, some expansion is necessary. Of what are you thinking?

WHITTAKER. I am trying to remember if Courier expanded this passage.

MOORE. My dear Whittaker, forget the soldier from Wagram. Go on reading. I am listening.

(WHITTAKER *continues reading.*)

MOORE. I am sorry to interrupt, but the hands are moving towards twelve; at twelve you will have to catch your train at Victoria, and before you leave this house I would learn from you what is the business of the translator. Is it to put English words on the top of the Greek words, or is it to gather a pretty English text from a beautiful Greek text? I would have you remember that there are two kinds of translation for us to consider; an art translation, that is to say a translation intended to give pleasure, and a scientific translation whose mission is to instruct. We have already come upon two passages that must be expanded, and Daphnis's escape from the pitfall is a third. Two he-goats have been butting and in the butting a horn is broken. The goat that has lost his horn runs away bleating, and Daphnis, very much annoyed, catches up his crook and pursues the victor, determined to thrash him. Daphnis and the goat fall into the pit, and Chloe, who witnesses the accident, runs to Dorcon, a

neat-herd, and begs him to help her to pull Daphnis out. Dorcon comes bustling along, searching himself for a rope, but without finding one. Whereupon Chloe gives him the cord with which she binds up her hair!

WHITTAKER. You are forgetting that the paragraph begins with: *But whilst they played Eros wrought trouble for them.* The reader should therefore have no difficulty in understanding that the cord with which she ties her hair and which helps to release Daphnis was part of Eros's plan.

MOORE. The reader will accept willingly that Eros intended to trouble the innocent loves of the shepherd and shepherdess, but the reader will not be satisfied that Daphnis shall be released with the cord with which Chloe ties up her hair.

WHITTAKER. The word ταινία means head-band.

MOORE. But the meaning of words changes in four or five hundred years. In any case, it means something worn by Chloe, and no modern reader will accept Chloe's head-gear, her scarf or garter as the means whereby Daphnis and a he-goat were dragged out of the pit. Once more, the text of *Daphnis and Chloe* is very corrupt; it was only, as you said yourself, by comparing one manuscript with another that a fairly comprehensible text was arrived

at near the end of the eighteenth century. I am as much against the improving of an ancient story as you are, but the symbolism is so vague and so little insisted upon that I am in doubt whether the text is a correct one, and this doubt tempts me to add a few words. Twenty is the number of words that Courier's ink blotted, and twenty words are enough to tell that the diggers of the pit had left a rope behind them, and Chloe catching sight of it—— Ten minutes to twelve! My dear friend, how *Daphnis and Chloe* should be translated cannot be settled to-night. Let us hope that dreams may come to us both.

WHITTAKER. I would say, however——

MOORE. Your argument will be revealed to me in my slumbers.

PROEMIAL

Whilst hunting in the island of Lesbos I saw in a grove consecrated to the nymphs the most beautiful thing I had ever seen in my life, a painted carving figuring a human love story in all its joys and tribulations. The grove itself was beautiful; flowers were not lacking, nor comely trees, and a rill issuing from the rocks brought a sweet refreshment to the trees and flowers; but the painted carving was more pleasing, and it was of such voluptuous subject and so marvellously wrought that many, even strangers, journeyed thither to supplicate the nymphs and to admire the sculpture. Women in labour were seen in it, women adjusting the swaddles of their babes, babes cast out in wild places for shepherds to bring home or for beasts to suckle; and there were young lovers united in love, and pirates on the sea, and bands that roamed the country, and many other things all telling of love. These I saw with much pleasure, and all seeming to me beautiful, I was taken with the desire to set the story down in writing; and finding one who could interpret

the picture to me, and having heard all, I composed four books, votive offerings to Eros, to the nymphs and to Pan, and to all men, a lovely possession that will help to cure the sick, to comfort the sorrowful, and recall memories of love to those whose time for love is over, and instruct those who have not yet loved. For from Eros there has been no escape in the past, and there never will be any as long as there be beauty in this world for the eye to see; and may the God grant me such good sense as will enable me to write with wisdom of the passions of others.

THE PASTORAL LOVES OF DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

BOOK THE FIRST

The sea flows round Mitylene, a fair city of Lesbos, and channels filled by the sea and adorned by bridges of polished white stone divide it so frequently that the beholder, viewing it from a distance, would perceive a group of small islands rather than a city.

About eight or nine leagues from this city a rich man had an estate, the finest in the island of Lesbos, containing game coverts, hillsides clothed with vines, wheat-growing fields, pasturage for cattle; and all along the shore the sea washed long reaches of fine sand. On

this estate a goat-herd named Lamon noticed, whilst watching his flock, that one of his she-goats would disappear suddenly; and seeking for some reason why she should abandon her kid, he kept his eye upon her, till one hot noon he saw her enter a dense thicket fenced with briars and woven ivy. He pushed his way through these, and on a bed of fine grass, soft as down, a child lay beneath the goat's udder, pressing it with his greedy hands as if it were a mother's breast. To imagine Lamon's surprise is easy. He approached and found that the child was a boy, beautiful, well-shapen, and in rich clothes that did not seem in keeping with a foundling. He was wrapped in a purple mantle fastened with a golden brooch, and beside him was a small, ivory-handled knife. The goat-herd's first thought was to take away these tokens of the child's noble birth, leaving him to his fate, but his second thought awakened a feeling of shame in him that he should be less human than the she-goat. So when night came he gathered up the tokens and the child, and, followed by the she-goat, brought them to his wife Myrtale, who, fairly astonished, asked if in these last days she-goats gave birth to little boys. Lamon told his story: how on finding the she-goat suckling the child he had been tempted to leave him to his fate, but was overtaken with shame at the thought

of such cruelty; and she being of the same mind as himself, they were soon agreed that they should rear the boy. They packed away all that belonged to him, saying everywhere that he was their own, and that he might be thought to be of shepherd kin they called him Daphnis. And after this event, when two years had gone by, Lamon's luck befell another shepherd of the neighbourhood named Dryas. Whither he led his flocks was a cave known as the cave of the nymphs, a rock of great bulk, and within it the nymphs were carven in the stone with unsandalled feet, their arms naked to the shoulders, their hair scattered around their throats, girdled above the hips, each with face delighted yet sober, as if they had come together to keep step in some mystic dance. From a fissure in the rock a spring of water issued, spread into a pool or basin in the hollowest part of the cave, and flowing out kept fresh the swards and lawns of the grove and passed on through the green meadow beyond. And hung upon the rock all round were milking-pails, flutes, and reed pipes, votive offerings of shepherds long passed away.

Into this cave one of his yoes wandered so often that more than once he had looked upon her as lost, and his mind being to impose the rule of the herd upon her, to compel her to graze with the others, he cut a supple branch

of osier, and having woven it into a noose he entered the cave, thinking to lay hold of her amid the rocks. But he was no sooner within the cave than the strange sight met his eyes of the yoe surrendering her milk in human wise to a little child. The pretty, neat mouth of the child having drunk all that one tit could give, passed on to the next, and the child having drunken enough, the yoe turned her head to lick the babe's face. This time it was a girl, and with her, as with the boy, were laid tokens whereby her kin might be proven: a snood of woven gold, gilt shoes, and socks embroidered with gold. And Dryas, deeming the discovery to be a gift from the Gods, and learning pity and love from the sheep, took the child in his arms, put the tokens in his wallet, and prayed to the nymphs that he might happily rear their poor little suppliant. Now when the time came for him to fold his flock, returning to his shieling he told his wife what he had seen, showed her what he had found, saying that she would do nothing but what was right in accepting this child for her daughter, to rear as if it was her own, without telling anybody how they had come by her. Nape was the name of the shepherdess, and Nape from that moment was the mother of the little girl, and loved her so tenderly that she was often jealous of the yoe that was always by to feed her with her tit;

and to make believe that the child was their very own, she too was given a shepherd's name, and was called Chloe.

Before many years had gone by these children were tall, and their beauty seemed out of keeping with the life of clowns; and it was when one was fifteen and the other two years younger that Lamon and Dryas dreamed in one night the same dream: that the nymphs, those of the cave and the springhead where Dryas had discovered the little girl, consecrated Daphnis and Chloe to the service of a very proud and lovely boy, who had wings on his shoulders and carried a bow and little arrows, and that he having touched both of them with the same arrow, ordained that one should lead the goats and the other the sheep. The vision or dream foretelling the lot of their foster-children caused the good shepherds some grief; they would have wished a different fate for them than to be shepherds and goat-herds. For till then their belief was that the marks found on the clothing promised a better fortune, and Daphnis and Chloe were reared more gently than befalls the children of shepherds; some reading and writing they had and such notions of truth and honour as prevail among hills and valleys. All the same, their parents inclined to do the will of the Gods whose providence had saved these children, and each having communicated his

dream to the other and sacrificed at the cavern to the winged boy (his name was unknown to them), they sent the twain to the fields instructed in all knowledge needful to shepherds : how the flock should feed before midday and after the heat of the day had gone; at what hour they should be watered ; at what hour led to the fold; when the crook should be used and when the voice was enough. The children accepted the trust with as much joy as if they had been given some great estate; they loved their she-goats and their yoes more than is common among shepherds, for she felt that she owed her life to a yoe, and he remembered that a she-goat had suckled him.

Now it was about the beginning of the springtime, when all the flowers were blowing in the woods and meadows and on the hills. Already had begun the murmuring of bees in the fields, and the bleating of new-born lambs; the flocks gambolled on the hillsides; the hawk-moths buzzed, darted, dropped their long tongues into the depths of the flowers; and the woods resounded with the songs of birds. All that was alive saluted the incoming season, and Daphnis and Chloe in the ardour of youth imitated all they heard and saw. For hearing the birds sing, they sang; seeing the lambs skip, they skipped; and then like the bees they sought flowers, passing some into their bosoms, weav-

ing some into wreaths for the nymphs. And side by side, doing their work together, they led their different flocks from pasture to pasture, Daphnis running ahead to bring back the yoes that had wandered from the flock, Chloe often restraining the she-goats from high, steep crags. Sometimes one kept watch over the two flocks whilst the other engaged in some prank, the pranks of shepherds and of children. Scampering forth in the morning she would gather some rushes to make a cage for a grasshopper, and so wholly bent was she on the weaving that her flock was forgotten. At a little distance Daphnis cut reeds, and after cleaning away the joints and joining the reeds together with soft wax, he practised playing the double flute all day till nightfall. At midday they shared their milk or wine; the food they had brought from home was divided between them; and so it may be said that it was easier to see the yoes dispersed, each straying whither she listed, than Daphnis and Chloe apart.

But whilst they played Eros wrought trouble for them. A wolf having whelped in the neighbourhood, harried the flocks for food for her cubs, and the folk came by night to dig pits six feet wide and twenty deep. The earth flung out of these was scattered far and wide, and the pits were hidden with long, thin rods, so light that a hare could not have passed over them

without falling through; earth and leaves were scattered on the top so that the place might seem even and undisturbed. Many such pits were digged in the hills and in the plain, but the wolf, suspecting a trap, always turned aside. Goats and yoes, however, met their death in these pits, and Daphnis nearly met his in one of them when two he-goats, mad with jealousy, charged with such force that in the butting a horn of one was broken, and the unhorned goat, overcome with pain, fled bleating from the combat, followed by his rival, who would leave him no peace. For the broken horn vexed Daphnis, and angered by the persistence of the victor, he caught up his crook and followed after. And so eager was the goat to escape from blows and Daphnis to give them that neither took heed whither he was running. So both fell into the trap, the goat first, Daphnis on the top of him, astride and clutching. Thereby his fall was broken, and at the bottom of the pit he waited in tears for somebody to come and draw him out of it. Chloe, witness of his misadventure from afar, ran to the brink, and seeing that he was still alive, called a neat-herd to help her. The neat-herd came bustling, seeking about him for a rope, but rope there was none to find till Chloe caught sight of one that the diggers of the pit had lost among the bushes, ran to it and gave it to the neat-herd,

who threw an end of it to Daphnis, and holding the other end, with Chloe's help he drew Daphnis to the edge of the pit; and they helping, the boy clutching all he could lay hands on, earth and stones, was released finally from the trap. The neat-herd then went down into the pit and the goat was pulled out; but both his horns were broken (the vanquished being soon avenged). And the neat-herd took him away in payment for his help, leaving the twain considering the story they would tell when they returned home; if he were missed they would say the wolf had gotten him. Then returning to their flocks and finding them grazing peacefully and in good order, they repaired to an oak tree and looked to see what part of his body Daphnis had wounded in his fall. In no part of his body was there blood, nor bruises; mud, however, was everywhere, in his hair and upon him, and they took counsel, agreeing that only by washing could the mischance be concealed from Lamon and Myrtale. Wherefore going with Chloe to the cave of the nymphs, he gave her his scrip and his jacket and his shirt to hold whilst he washed his hair, black as ebony, thick locks falling about his neck, burnt brown by the sun almost to the tint of the shadow his hair would cast. Chloe watched him, surprised to find him beautiful, and having never thought him beautiful before, she imagined

that it was the water in the cave that had conferred beauty upon him. She washed his back and shoulders, and in washing his skin it seemed so fine and soft that more than once, without his perceiving it, she touched herself, for she was in doubt which of the two bodies was the finer. As it was then late (already the sun was low), they called their beasties to follow, and from that time Chloe had no other thought in her mind but to see Daphnis bathing.

When they returned to the fields next day, whilst Daphnis sat under the oak, as was his custom, playing his flute as the she-goats lay about him, seeming to take pleasure in the pretty music, Chloe sat by him, watching her yoes grazing; but more often her eyes were turned from them to Daphnis. And still finding him beautiful, and thinking that his beauty might be derived from the music itself, she took the flute from him and played it, so that she might be as beautiful as he. Then she wished that he would bathe once more, and whilst he bathed she saw him naked and was unable to resist touching him. And when they returned in the evening homeward she thought of Daphnis naked, and this thought was the beginning of her love. Very soon she had no thought and no remembrance of anything except Daphnis, and never spoke of anything but him. What

she felt she could not find words to tell, being but a simple girl reared in the fields, and never having heard in her life even the word love. All the same, her soul was oppressed, and very often her eyes filled with tears. Days passed without her taking any food and nights without her finding sleep. She laughed, and then tears fell. She slept, and a moment after was awake and sitting up in bed. She grew pale, and then her face was aflame. The heifer stung by the fly was never madder than she. She would fall at times into a kind of reverie, and all alone discoursed with herself in this fashion :

I am sick, and I do not know what my sickness is. I suffer, and there is no wound. I mourn, yet no sheep is dead. I burn even in the deepest shade. Many briars have scratched me, but I did not weep, nor have I cried when stung by bees. Wherefore it must be that this sickness that fills my heart is greater than all that has gone before. True it is that Daphnis is beautiful; but he is not the only one. His cheeks are red, but flowers are, too. He sings, but so do the birds. And yet when I see the flowers and hear the birds, they do not leave any thought behind. Ah, that I were his flute that he might take me in his lips! Ah, that I were a little kid that he might take me in his arms! O wicked fountain that has made him so beautiful, why canst thou not make me beauti-

ful, too? O nymphs, you will not let me die, I that was born and lived among you. Who after me will weave you garlands and nosegays? And who will have care for my poor lambs? And my pretty cicala, that I had such trouble to catch, how purposeless will thy song be in the hot noontide! Thy voice can no longer bring sweet sleep to me under the branches. Daphnis has robbed me of sleep.

So did the lassie speak as she sought in herself for what had befallen her, consumed by a fire yet unable to put a name upon it. But Dorcon, a neat-herd, a young youth, on whose chin hair had just begun to curl, smitten with Chloe's beauty on the day he had helped her to pull Daphnis out of the pit, was now more than ever enamoured of her, his love having increased day by day, blinding him so completely that he was distracted by no fear of coming upon a rival in Daphnis; as a child he looked upon him. All his mind was given to how he might get her; whether by presents, trickery, or peradventure by force, mattered not, so long as he got her; and being learned in the ways of love, his first present was of a choice flute to Daphnis, the pipes being joined together by brass instead of wax, and to the lassie he gave a spotted fawnskin wherewith to cover her shoulders. And these seeming to him enough to make sure of his friendship

with both of them, he paid no further attention to Daphnis, but every day brought something new to Chloe. Sometimes he brought a rich cheese, sometimes ripe fruit, sometimes garlands of flowers, or mayhap birds that he had robbed from their nests. Once he gave her a goblet gilded at the brim, and another time a calf that he had brought from the mountain. And she, simple and unsuspicious, ignorant that all these gifts were but love baits, accepted them willingly and showed much pleasure; but her pleasure was less to receive from him than to give to Daphnis.

And one day Daphnis (for it could not be else than that he, too, should know the pains of love) picked a quarrel with Dorcon. The twain contested their beauty before Chloe, the judge, and a kiss from her was the prize to be awarded to the victor. Whereupon Dorcon, the first to speak, said: I am taller than he. My charge is beeves and his but goats, and as beeves are above goats, so is the neat-herd above the goat-herd. I am white as milk, fair as a sheaf from the harvest field, sweet-smelling as a leaf in springtime. Moreover, I was suckled by my mother and not by a beast. He is little, puny, and beardless as a woman. Black of skin he is, rank as his own he-goats. A goat-herd, a poor wight, too needy to keep a dog, said to have been suckled by a she-goat. By my faith,

he is as he should be, nourished by a she-goat and the look of a kid upon him! So spoke Dorcon, and Daphnis answered him: Yes, I was suckled by a she-goat, and so was Jupiter. My charge is she-goats, and my flock would show well beside his cows. I am a goat-herd, but with no more taint of the buck upon me than Pan, who, none the less, is more buck than human. I ask no more of life than milk and cheese and hard bread and thin wine, meat and drink of shepherds like ourselves. But since I shared these with Chloe I have no thought for what the rich eat. I am without beard; so was Bacchus. I am black; so also is the hyacinth. Bacchus is preferable to satyrs, and the hyacinth to a lily. That fellow is red as a fox, white as a town girl, and will be presently hairy as a buck. If thou kiss me, Chloe, thou'lt kiss my mouth; if thy kiss be given to him thou'lt kiss the hair that reaches to his lips. And it behoves thee to remember that a yoe gave thee her milk, yet thou art beautiful. On this word Chloe did not allow him to finish his speech, so great was her pleasure in hearing herself praised by him. And having desired a kiss a long while, she sprang to her feet and without more ado awarded him the prize; an innocent kiss, without art, but ardent enough to inflame hearts in youthful years. Dorcon, seeing himself outdone, fled into the woods to hide his

shame and chagrin from all and to seek other means whereby he might satisfy his love.

And Daphnis was hardly more happy than he, for Chloe's kiss had stung him to the quick. One moment he was sad, and then he fell to sighing. He shuddered, and his heart beat quickly. A look from Chloe paled his face, and then a blush transfused it. His eyes were opened. He admired her fair hair, the sweetness of her eyes, and the freshness of her skin, whiter than the creamy milk of her yoes. He did not eat, only tasted his food, and with drink he only wetted his lips. He was pensive and dumb, whereas before he chattered like a cicala, and he who had jumped and gambolled with his goats, sat apart still as an image, his flock out of sight, his flute forgotten, his head sunk like a flower on its stalk. He withered and dried like grass in the summertime, and he sat in joyless silence, never speaking except when he spoke to her or of her. Finding himself alone on occasions, he walked chatting to himself:

Goddesses, what mischief has Chloe's kiss worked within me? Her lips are tenderer than roses, her mouth sweeter than a honeycomb, and her kiss bitterer than a bee's sting. I have often kissed my kids and often kissed her newborn lambs and the little calf that Dorcon gave her, but her kiss was a different kiss. My breath comes in pantings, my heart flutters, my soul

languishes, and still I desire to kiss again. O dearly paid-for victory, O strange, nameless victory, poisonous—but did she gather poison before she kissed me? How is it then that she is not dead? The swallows cry about me and my flute is silent. How the kids skip, but I am sitting wearily. The fields are in flowery prime, and I tie no posy nor garland. The violets and hyacinths bloom, Daphnis pines and fades, for the thought is upon him that Dorcon may have come to seem to her more beautiful than he.

Thus sorrowed the gentle Daphnis, and he spoke these words like one who knew the pangs of love for the first time. But the swain Dorcon, the neat-herd, being still determined to get Chloe, chose a moment when Dryas was planting a tree to grow a vine upon in his garden (he knew him in old time when Dryas was a shepherd). He came laden with fine cheeses which he begged Dryas to accept as a present, speaking the while of their ancient fellowship, and so leading up to the object of his visit, which was to ask Dryas to give him Chloe in marriage, blurting out with many words that he wished to make her his wife, promising handsome presents, which, being a neat-herd, he could afford. He would like to give, he said, two draught oxen, four hives of bees, fifty trees of his apple orchard, an oxhide to make shoes of, and every year a calf just weaned. And so

touched was Dryas by Dorcon's friendliness and tempted by his promises that he nearly agreed to the marriage. But he bethought him a moment afterwards that the girl was nobly born and should not fall to the lot of a neat-herd, and fearing her story might come to be known and her parents learn that she had been bartered for a few gifts, and that this would bring great disgrace and misfortune upon him, he gave a civil refusal to all Dorcon's offers and showed him through the gate. And Dorcon, seeing his hopes dashed for the second time, and remembering that he had lost many excellent, rich cheeses, fell to thinking how, as soon as they were alone together, he would lay his hand upon Chloe. And calling to mind that one day it was Chloe and another day Daphnis that led the flocks to water, he cast about in his mind for a trick that he might play upon them, a trick worthy of a sharp-witted neat-herd.

He took the skin of a huge wolf which, whilst prowling about the cows, had been tossed by the bull, and flung it over his back, hiding his arms and hands in the skin of the forelegs. The tail and the skin of the hindlegs covered his thighs, and he wore the head of the beast as a warrior his helmet. And having transformed himself into a wolf as well as he could, he crawled to the springhead where the she-

goats and yoes came to drink at evening. The deep valley through which the water flowed suited his purpose well, for all about were briars and brambles, thistles and juniper bushes, the very sort of covert in which a wolf would choose to lie in wait. There Dorcon lay hidden, waiting for the hour when the animals came to drink, in good hope that in the form of a wolf he would frighten Chloe, and seizing her body take his pleasure of it. Nor had he long to wait; she came leading the two flocks, having left Daphnis cutting some tender branches to feed his goats come from the grass. The dogs that helped her to keep the flocks in good order followed, and as they hunted, sniffing in every bush, they came upon the trail of Dorcon and presently heard him crawling among the briars ready to seize on the girl. A moment after they were barking and rushing upon him as upon a wolf, biting the wolfskin and tearing it with their teeth. Frightened, but afraid to move, he crouched in the thicket, keeping silence through shame and striving to keep the wolfskin between him and them. But Chloe, terrified as she caught sight of the wolf, cried aloud to Daphnis for help; and when the dogs, having torn from Dorcon the wolfskin, began to bite him with good will, he, too, began to cry aloud and to pray Chloe and Daphnis, who had now come running, to help him. They soon called

off and quieted the dogs, and the unhappy Dorcon was dragged out and led to the wellhead, where his bitten thighs and shoulders were bathed and dressed with the chewed bark of an elm, the only remedy that the children knew of. So innocent were they of all the wiles and manœuvres that Eros employs to gain his end, that no thought came to them that Dorcon had hid himself in the wolfskin with any other intent than to play a merry prank upon them, and full of compassion they led him part of his way, encouraging him with kind words. And he, who had been rescued not from the jaws of a wolf (such was the story he was likely to tell) but from the jaws of dogs, shuffled homeward, stopping from time to time to retie Chloe's dressings of his wounds. And after he had gone Daphnis and Chloe were busy until the closing in of night gathering their scattered flocks, for the she-goats and yoes were so terrified by the wolfskin and by the loud barking of the dogs that they had run up the steeps and crags and down to the shores of the sea. They no longer heeded the voice of their shepherd, and he piped in vain to flocks that erstwhile were obedient to a mere clapping of hands. All the she-goats had learned seemed to have passed from them, and to collect them was a long labour; but all were gathered within the fold at last, and Daphnis and Chloe going to

their beds slept soundly, and in weariness had ease from the pain of love. But with the coming of day passion awoke in them again: the pleasure of meeting at dawn and the sorrow of quitting at dusk. They wished for something and knew not what they craved for. Only this did they know: one that his sickness was begotten by a kiss, the other by the sight of a bather.

The sun-heat inflamed them the more, for the year was now passing out of the cool of the spring into the beginning of summer, when all is in sap, when the trees begin to show their fruits and when the corn is in ear, when the voice of the cicala is heard in the branches, when the bleating of the yoes tells of the richness of the fields, and the perfumed air is delightful to breathe. The streams seem asleep, so silently do they flow; the winds seem like organs and flutes, so sweetly do they sigh through the branches of the pines; the apples are raped from the branches by the sun, their lover. Daphnis, overcome by the heat, threw himself into the river; sometimes he washed himself, sometimes he splashed after the fish which escaped his clutching hand, and sometimes he stooped to drink as if with water he sought to quench the fire within him. Chloe milked the yoes and many of Daphnis's she-goats, but for a long time she could not get the

milk to curdle, so tormented was she by the flies. She drove them away, but they returned with a vicious buzz, biting her. However, the milk would at last begin to curdle, and then she washed her face, and crowned with tender branches of the pine and girdled with the fawnskin, she filled a piggin with wine and milk, and they drank together. Before noon they were more ardently in love than ever, for Chloe seeing in naked Daphnis beauty perfectly accomplished, was overcome in all her senses and thought she would die of love, and he seeing her girdled with the fawnskin and crowned with a crown of pine needles, holding a piggin for him to drink from, thought he saw one of the nymphs themselves come from their cave. And going to her he took her crown, kissed it first and then put it on his own head, and she, whilst he bathed naked, took his gown and wore it, after having kissed it first, just as he had done. Sometimes they threw apples at one another, sometimes adorned their heads and plaited each other's hair, Chloe saying that Daphnis's locks were black like myrtle, and Daphnis answering that Chloe's face was like an apple, for it was white and red. He taught her to play on the pipe, and every time she began to blow into it he caught it from her and then ran his lips over the pipe from one end to the other, pretending that he would

correct a mistake, but in truth to get a chance to kiss her by proxy, kissing the flute in the places where it had left her mouth. And one noontide it happened that after playing his pipe gladly within hearing of the flocks resting in the shadow, Chloe dropped off to sleep whilst listening, and Daphnis seeing this laid aside his pipe so that he might admire and contemplate; and being without shame, he said: How her eyes sleep! How her mouth breathes! Neither flowering apple nor thorn trees breathe so sweet a breath. But I dare not kiss her. Her kiss stings to the heart and maddens, like new honey; and to awake her I am afraid. O noisy cicalas, she cannot sleep, so loudly do you sing! On the other side the goats do not cease to fight, and the clashing of horns will awake her. O wolves, more cowardly than foxes, where are you now? Why are you not here to put an end to their broiling?

Now whilst he was in the midst of thoughts like these a cicala followed by a swallow sought refuge in Chloe's bosom, and the swallow, that could not stay her hurried flight, swept with her wing Chloe's face, who, not knowing what had happened, started from her sleep and cried aloud. But when she saw the swallow flying near by and Daphnis laughing at her, she lost her fear, rubbing her eyes, still full of sleep. And then the cicala began to sing between her

breasts as if it would give thanks for the sudden saving of its life, again frightening Chloe, who cried aloud, Daphnis laughing at her the while. And seeing that his chance had come, he searched in her bosom, withdrawing the gentle cicala, which could not keep silent although he held it in his hand. Chloe was glad to see it, and having kissed it, replaced it, singing, within her breasts. On another time they heard a wood-pigeon singing in the branches, and Chloe, taking pleasure in the murmur, asked Daphnis what the bird was saying: and Daphnis told her some of the old knowledge of the country:

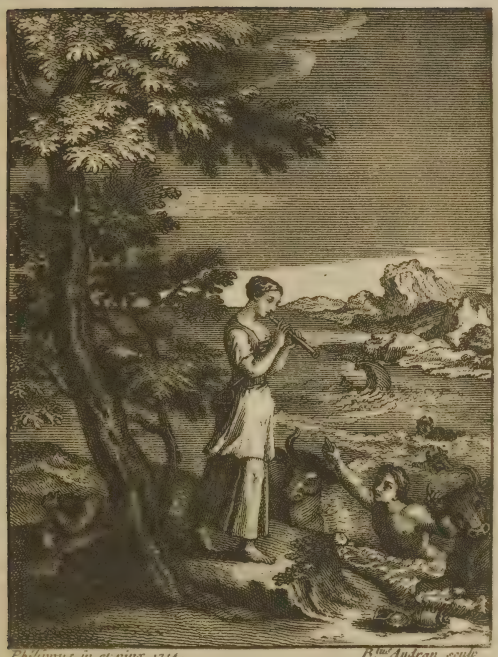
Once on a time, sweet maid, there was a maiden beautiful as thou art beautiful and just of an age with thee. She loved to sing and her cows delighted in her song. She ruled with her voice only, never striking out with her staff or thrusting with the goad; but sitting in the shadow of a pine, wearing a coronal of the same, she sang of Pan and Pitys, and the cows were content to remain within hearing of her singing. Not far off was a neat-herd, handsome as she and one that sang as well, who setting himself to sing against her and having more voice, being a male, and his voice being as soft as hers, for he was young, succeeded in luring away from her eight of her finest cows. The poor shepherdess, as much grieved at see-

ing her herd diminish as she was to hear herself outdone in singing, prayed to the Gods that she might be changed into a bird before returning home. Her desire was granted, and she was changed into yonder mountain-bird that loves to sing as she did when she was a girl; and her complaint is, as she flies to and fro, that she is searching for her wandering cows.

Such were their summer pleasures, but when autumn was by again, and the grape was ripe, certain Tyrian pirates, voyaging about in a Carian ship that they might not be known to be barbarians, landed on the coasts and came up country, a well-armed band, with breast-plates hung over their shoulders and swords on their thighs, pillaging all they could lay hands upon, such as fine-flavoured wine, rich grain, honeycombs; and many cattle were robbed from Dorcon's herd. As they went hither and thither they came upon Daphnis driving his goats by the sea alone (for Chloe was afraid of the rough shepherds, and more slowly led Dryas's yoes to pasture), and seeing this handsome lad and judging him to be more saleable than anything they could rob from the fields, they wasted no more time in following she-goats and robbing shepherds of their small stores of fruits and grain and honeycombs, but dragged Daphnis into the ship, weeping

and crying loudly to Chloe, loudly as he could call. They had hardly scrambled into their ship and loosed, and were laying their oars into the sea, when Chloe, seeking Daphnis (she was bringing him a new flute), came upon the scattered flock, and hearing Daphnis's voice crying to her ever more loudly, she threw the flute aside and thought no more about the flock but ran to Dorcon to beg him to come to the help of Daphnis. She found him on the ground bathed in blood, for the pirates had stabbed him again and again, and from his wounds so much blood had come that he now could hardly breathe. But when he saw Chloe some of his strength returned to him. Chloe, my beloved, said he, I am going to die very soon. I sought to save my cattle from these wicked thieves, who have used me as thou seest. But do thou, Chloe, save Daphnis; to revenge me let the rogues perish. I have taught my cows to follow the sound of my flute, and however far they may have gone they will return at the sound of it. Go to the sea-shore with this flute and play the tune that I taught Daphnis and that he taught thee, and what falls out shall be accounted to the flute and the cattle yonder, and the flute itself I give thee; with it I prevailed over many shepherds and neat-herds. And for all this I ask but one thing: kiss me before I go, weep for me

when I am dead; and of all, when thou seest a neat-herd watching his beasts feed in the fields, let him recall to thee some remembrance of me. And having spoken these words and gotten a kiss from her on the lips, his voice ended and life passed from him. And Chloe put his flute to her mouth, and blew into it loudly as she was able, and the cows heard, and knew the note of the song, and lowing threw themselves into the sea. And as they all sprang from the same side, the ship leaned over and water poured in, and the ship sank, those that were in her rising to the surface, but not all with the same hopes of reaching the shore. For the brigands had on their shoulders breast-plates and on their thighs swords and their boots reached half-way up their legs, whereas Daphnis was unshod, like a shepherd who leads his flocks in the plain, and half-naked as the season demanded, for it was still hot. So the pirates, after having swum a little way, were sunk by their armour beneath the waves, whereas Daphnis having released himself from all vesture, swam whilst the pirate rogues were sinking about him; but never having swum in the sea before, only in rivers, he found it hard to make headway. But his necessity prompting him, he swam between two cows, and holding on to their horns, his arms extended, he was carried by them without trouble



Philippus in et pinx. 1714. *B.tus Audran sculp.*

Chloe sauve Daphnis par le son de sa flûte.

as easily as if he was riding in a chariot. For the kine swim longer than any man; none surpasses them in the water, unless indeed the sea-birds or fish themselves. Such strong swimmers are they that we have no knowledge of any ox or cow being drowned till the sea-water has melted their hooves. Wherefore many straits of the sea even to this day are called Bosporus, which means crossings or passages for cattle.

And that is how Daphnis was saved from two great dangers, from slavery and from drowning; and coming to the shore where Chloe stood laughing and weeping, they fell into each other's arms, he asking why she had played the flute and Chloe telling him everything: that she had run to fetch Dorcon, who told her how his cows were taught to return at the sound of his flute, and that he had told her how to play it, and that he was dead. Only through fear or shame she withheld from him that she had kissed Dorcon. A silence fell and they sat thinking how the memory should be honoured of him who had done them such kindness; and they went with parents and friends to bury the unlucky neat-herd, throwing into the grave much earth and planting about it perennial plants, trees and flowers, hanging on the branches offerings they had gathered from the fields. And they poured

milk upon the grave and crushed great bunches of grapes and left many broken flutes. Whereupon was heard the sorrowful lowing of kine, and very soon the cows came running hither and thither; and the distracted herd seemed to the shepherds like a portent, and the lowing a lament for the dead master.

And the funeral of Dorcon being over and done, Chloe brought Daphnis to the cavern of the nymphs, where she washed him; and there for the first time Daphnis looking on, she washed her own white body, pure in its loveliness, and needing no cleaning to make it more lovely. And together they culled the season's flowers, made crowns for the statues of the nymphs, tied Dorcon's flute as an offering against the rock; and then suddenly bethought themselves of their she-goats and yoes; and whilst faring came upon them all lying scattered in their pasture, neither feeding nor bleating, belike missing Daphnis and Chloe, so long away. But when the twain appeared and called to them, and they heard the customary tunes on the pipes, they rose at once, the yoes to feed, and the she-goats to skip and jump whilst bleating as if to welcome the return of their herdsman. But Daphnis was sullen and subdued, for he had seen Chloe naked, and discerning shapes in her beauty that he knew not of before, a sickness came

upon him and there was a gnawing as of a poison always at his heart. He often gasped for breath as if he were pursued by an enemy. Chloe's bath was more redoubtable than the sea, and when he turned over on his pillow it seemed to him that he had been robbed of his soul by brigands. So it was with this young boy, reared in the fields, who knew nothing of Love's brigandage.

THE PASTORAL LOVES OF DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

BOOK THE SECOND

Now autumn being at the full and the harvest ripe, everybody was in the fields, some to repair the wine-presses, others to scour the vats and hogs-heads. Others were cleaning the wine jars, others again were sharpening pruning-knives. Some were weaving baskets, others were carrying out great stones for the crushing of the grapes. Others were tying dry rods from which the bark had been stripped into bundles, for they would need torches to light them during the night whilst drawing off the must. Wherefore Daphnis and Chloe had to forgo

leading their flocks to the fields for the time being and work with the others. Daphnis carried great baskets of fruit to the presses; he helped to tread it and to fill the wine jars. Chloe was busy round the fires cooking meals for the vintagers, and when they left their work and came to her asking for drink she gave them last year's wine dashed with water. And her cooking done she did not delay in the house but repaired to the vineyards, gathering the grapes within her reach; and nearly all were within it, for vines in Lesbos are trained low and not over high trees, and the branches leaning earthward, spread hither and thither like ivy, so low that we might say a child just out of swaddling clothes could reach the clusters. At the feast of Bacchus, at the birth of wine, according to old custom numbers of women came in from the fields to help, and all these cast their eyes upon Daphnis, and in praising him said: He is as beautiful as Bacchus. And one among them, more prompt than the others, kissed him, which kindled Daphnis, but Chloe was vexed. And the men in the wine-presses cast many words after her as she passed them, and the sight of her caused a fierce stamping like that of satyrs at the sight of a Bacchante, and they were heard to say that they would be changed into sheep for the sake of being ruled and led by such a shepherdess. At which Chloe

took pleasure, but Daphnis was vexed. And so it was that one and the other looked forward to the day when the vintage would be over and they might return to the fields according to custom, and instead of the noise and the cries of the vintagers hear the sound of the flute and the bleating of the flock.

And not many days had passed over when all was done, the last grapes gathered and crushed underfoot, the wine drawn off into the jars and sealed with oil. And Daphnis and Chloe being no longer needed, they led their flocks to the fields as before; and bringing to the nymphs the first fruits for offerings, great clusters hanging on the branches, they worshipped with great joy and exaltation as they had always done. For never through idleness had they neglected in the mornings, as soon as the flocks had begun to graze, to worship, and in the evenings returning from the pasture they adored again; and never did they pass without bringing some offering, flowers, fruits, or a fresh branch, or a libation of milk, after which they looked for some recompense from the Goddesses. And then they frolicked like young hares, jumping and fluting together; and sang to the bucks and kids and wrestled one against the other. And it so happened whilst they were thus happy that one day an old man wearing a worn hat woven out of goat's hair, with clogs

on his feet (old, too, was his wallet as the rest), sat down beside them and began to speak to them:

I am that old Philetas, children, who in former times sang many songs to the nymphs. Many times have I played the flute to God Pan, and have led many great herds of cattle by the flute alone. And I come to you now to tell you what I have seen and what I have heard. I have a garden that I planted and have cared for, cropped and trimmed ever since old age fell upon me and I no longer could lead flocks to the fields. All that anybody may wish for comes to this garden in its appointed time. In the spring roses, lilies, violets—single and double; in summer poppies, pears, and apples of many different kinds; and the autumn season having returned there are grapes and figs and pomegranates and green myrtles. And come thither every morning great flocks of birds, some to feed, some to sing, for it is thickly planted with trees; and there are three fountains; and if the fencing wall were removed you would think the garden was a wood. To-day at noon as I entered I saw a young boy under the myrtles and pomegranates with pomegranates and myrtles in his hands, white as milk, hair red as fire, smooth and clean as if he had just been washed. He was naked; he was alone; and whilst playing he gathered many fruits as

if the orchard belonged to him. Wherefore I ran after him, afraid lest in his frolics and friskiness he would break some plant; but he escaped easily from my hands, sometimes slipping under the roses, sometimes hiding under the poppies as if he was a little partridge. In old time I often had to run after sucking kids, and very often ran hard seeking to catch the calves as they gambolled about the cow. But this boy was more difficult to catch than they, and being old I was soon tired out; and leaning upon my stick, watchful lest he should escape, I asked him to what neighbour he belonged and by what right he came to gather fruits in another man's garden. He answered nothing, but drawing near he took to smiling prettily whilst throwing grains of myrtle at me, which, I know not why nor how, softened and inclined my heart towards him so that I very soon wished no evil to befall him. Then I asked him to come to me without fear, swearing by my myrtles that I would let him go whither he listed with apples and pomegranates that I would give him, and that I would allow him to take the fruits from my trees and gather my flowers, all that he wished, if in return he would kiss me. At which laughing gaily, with good and gentle grace, he began in a voice so sweet and amiable that neither the swallow nor the nightingale nor the swan, though old as

I am, could speak more winningly. Philetas, said he, it would be no trouble to me to give thee a kiss, for it is more pleasure for me to kiss than for thee to be young again. But have a care that what thou askest from me should not be an evil gift and unsuitable to thy age; for thy years will not save thee from the desire to follow me once thou hast kissed me. Neither an eagle nor a falcon nor any other bird of prey, however swift of wing he may be, can take me. I am not a child, although I have all the appearance of one. I am old as Saturn, older even than Time. I knew thee when thou wert in the flower of thy youth, when thou wast herding in a reedy place a fine and fat herd of cows, and I was near to thee when thou didst play the flute under the beech trees and didst love Amaryllis. But thou didst not see me, though I was very close to thy sweetheart, whom I gave to thee at last; and thou hadst by her beautiful children which are now husbandmen and neat-herds. But my care is now for Daphnis and Chloe, and after I have brought them forth in the morning together, I come to thy orchard, where I take my pleasure among the trees and the flowers, and bathe in thy fountains; and the plants and flowers in thy garden flourish so well for they have drunk of my bath water. Cast thine eyes about thee and say if a branch is broken or if any fruit has been plucked or

spoilt, if any herb or flower has been trodden underfoot, if any fountain has been soiled or muddied; and rejoice, old man, that alone amongst men who have reached thy years, thou shouldst still wish for the child. At that he raised himself above the myrtles as easily as any nightingale, and hopping from branch to branch amid the leaves at last reached the top. I saw his little wings and his little bow and the arrows in his quiver; and then I saw no longer his arrows or himself. Now, if I have not lived for many empty years, losing my wits with advancing age, you may believe me, my children, that you are Eros's own, dedicated to him, and that he will watch over you. Pleasing to both of them were these words, as pleasing as if they were listening to a pleasant story, and they asked him what was Eros, if he were a bird or a child, and what power he had. Wherefore Philetas began to speak again: A God, my children, is this Eros. He is young, beautiful, and he has wings. He delights in youth, seeks beauty, gives wings to the soul, and is more powerful than Zeus himself. He rules in the stars and the elements, and leads even the Gods with a crook as you lead your flocks. The flowers you see are the work of Eros; the plants and the trees are of his making. It is by him that the rivers flow and the winds blow. I have seen bulls in his power; they bellow as if a gad-fly

had stung them. I have seen a buck in love with a she-goat; he followed her everywhere. Myself, when I was young, I loved Amaryllis, and remembered not to eat nor to drink nor to rest. My soul suffered, my heart quaked, my body shivered. I cried as if I was being beaten, and I was silent as a dead man. I threw myself into the rivers as if a fire was within me. I called upon Pan, who himself had been wounded by love of Pitys. I thanked Echo, who repeated: Amaryllis! after me, and I broke my flute because it could lead my cows but could not bring Amaryllis to me. For there is no remedy, no beverage, no charm, no song, no words, that can heal love's sickness. Only the kiss can do it. Embrace, lie together, flesh to flesh.

Philetas, after having thus instructed them, received in payment from them some cheeses and a goat a year old. But when they were left alone their souls were wrapped in pain, they having heard for the first time the name of Eros; and at night, returning to their homes, they compared their own estate with all that they had heard: Lovers suffer; we suffer. They are listless; and the same it is with us. They cannot sleep; and we do not close our eyelids. They think that they burn; and we have a fire within us. They desire to see each other; and we pray for the laggard day to return. This

undoubtedly is love, and we do not know it. But if it be love that we feel, why are we so ill at ease? And of all, what do we seek for in one another? Philetas said truly. The young boy that he saw in the garden is the same that appeared long ago to our fathers and told them in a dream that we should be sent to the fields to watch poor flocks. How may he be caught? He is small and will slip out of our hands. And to escape from him is not possible, for he has got wings with which to overtake us. Shall we seek help from the nymphs? But Pan did not help Philetas when he was in love with Amaryllis. Let us therefore try the remedies that he spoke of: to kiss, to embrace, to lie together flesh to flesh. It is cold, but we will endure it as well as did Philetas.

Next day at daybreak they led their flocks to the fields and kissed as soon as they met, which they had never done before, and opening their arms they were mingled in one embrace. But they did not dare the last remedy, to lie naked, it seeming to them too bold a one, not only for a young shepherdess like Chloe, but for a young goat-herd. And the next night there was no rest for either one or the other; both remembered what they had done, and were tormented by the thought of what they had omitted to do, saying to each other: We have kissed and our kisses have not helped us;

we have lain clasped in each other's arms and nothing came of it. We can no longer doubt that to lie together is the true remedy for love; we must try it also, for of a certainty a kiss is not all. After such thoughts their reveries, as is easily imagined, were of Eros and of kisses, and what they had not done in the day they did in dreams, lying flesh to flesh. And morning come again, they rose more in love with each other than before; and driving their flocks with a whistle they did not delay to repeat their kisses. Wherever they were, on catching sight of each other, they ran smiling one to the other, to kiss and to embrace. But they had not yet tried the third remedy of which old Philetas had spoken, for Daphnis did not dare to speak of it, and Chloe neither, until it fortuned with them that they tried it. They were sitting under an oak close together and had kissed without obtaining any relief thereof, and in their embraces, seeking to clasp each other closer, Daphnis held Chloe so tightly that without a thought she fell upon her side. Daphnis following Chloe's mouth, not to lose the pleasure of the kiss, fell likewise upon his side. And seeing in the postures they had fallen into unconsciously the shape of their dream, they remained a long while interlocked, clasping each other as tightly as if they were bound together. And it seeming to them that they had thus

attained the highest joy that love could give, most of the day was passed till dusk fell in vain embraces; and then, hating the night, they separated and led their flocks to the fold. It might well be that more would have been done with good will if that day a great riot had not broken out on these coasts.

Some young and rich men, gallants of Methymne, thinking to spend joyously the last days of the vintage, put forth in a ship and bade their servitude row them to the shores of Mitylene, attracted thither by the fame of the reaches of fine sand, whence they could bathe, and the fine buildings with gardens, parks, and woods, the work of man and nature. And whilst sailing along the coasts, mooring whenever the desire to do so took them, they amused themselves with whatever came their way, without doing harm or giving annoyance to anybody. Sometimes they angled from a flat rock for rock-fish with hooks tied by a light cord to reed-canes; at other times they took with their dogs and their nets hares that fled from the vines, driven out by the noise of the gatherers; or they went after birds, finding time and place favourable, catching with running nooses wild geese and young ducks and bustards, which, beyond the pleasure of the chase, furnished them with food. If they needed anything else they bought it at the nearest village, paying

the full price and beyond it for bread and for wine and for lodging, for it did not seem to them safe, the season being autumn, to sleep on board ; and the ship was drawn on shore lest peradventure a storm might arise during the night. Now, it happened that some country churl, wanting a rope to haul up the stone wherewith he was grinding grapestones, his own being broken or worn, sneaked down to the sea, and finding no one on board untied the rope that moored the ship and brought it home to serve his business. In the morning the young men sought their rope vainly, and nobody confessing to having taken it they quarrelled with their hosts and put forth again. And having rowed for two leagues they landed, the fields where Daphnis and Chloe were watching their flocks seeming to them to offer good opportunities for hare hunting. But not having any rope to moor their ship, they bethought themselves of cut-up osiers, and twisting a withy out of these, and thinking their ship to be safe, they slipped their dogs and laid their toils in the paths where they thought the game would run. The dogs running hither and thither barking, frightened Daphnis's she-goats, sending them scampering down from the hillsides to the sea, and finding nothing to eat in the sands, some more daring than the others came to the ship and gnawed

through the bands of withy by which she was moored. And a wind rising inland, the sea became soon after ruffled, and the ship being now free was carried out by the waves far from the shore into the offing. And seeing what was happening the hunters ran to the shore, others gathering their dogs, and all together making such a noise that the folk, shepherds, and vine-dressers, came from all sides; but there was nothing to be done, for the wind had freshened, and the ship being taken out to sea, soon passed out of sight. Whereupon the young gallants of Methymne were woeful, and having lost their ship and all that was in it they bethought themselves of the goat-herd who should have kept a more careful watch on his goats. And seeing Daphnis, they fell to cuffing and stripping him, and one amongst them held his hands and began to bind them with a dog-slip. He fought and cried and implored the folk to come to his help, and of all he implored Lamon and Dryas to rescue him. And these two brawny old men, their hands hardened in the work of the fields, undertook to defend Daphnis against the young Methymnaeans, urging that they should listen to the lad to see wherein he was blameworthy. And others urging the same, finally the neat-herd Philetas was chosen to judge the case, he being the oldest man present and one of much repute in his vil-

lage for righteous judgment. And first the men of Methymne made their accusation in brief plain words, addressing the herdsman as judge:

We came into these fields to hunt, and having left our ship safely moored by a rope twisted out of green sallow, we went away with our dogs in quest of game. And this man's goats came down to the sea and gnawed the green cable and set loose the ship, and yourself saw it carried out to sea and can guess what we have lost: cloaks, hats, dogs' collars and leashes, and as much money as would buy all these fields. And to make good our losses we do not think it else than reasonable to be allowed to carry off this worthless goat-herd, who brings his goats to feed along the shores as a sailor might. So spoke the Methymnaeans.

Daphnis was sore with blows and buffetings, but catching sight of Chloe made light of them and spoke thus: I keep a good guard over my goats, and nobody in the village has ever complained that one of them has barked a tree in a garden or broken a vine-shoot. But these men are inexperienced hunters, and their dogs are not well trained, for they ran hither and thither barking loudly and at nothing so that my goats took fright, and to escape them ran from the plain and from the hill down to the sea, as they might from wolves. Well, my goats have eaten through a rope of twisted

osiers. What else could they do on the shore, where there is neither shrub nor thyme for them to eat? The ship is lost at sea; let a storm account for the loss and not my goats, which were not the cause of it. It is said that there were rich clothes, collars, dog-slips and much money aboard her, but who will believe that a boat laden so richly would be left alone tied to the shore by a withy? Whilst speaking tears started to his eyes and all the folk were sorry for him, and Philetas, who should pronounce his sentence, swore by God Pan and the nymphs that Daphnis had done no wrong, nor had his goats, and that the fault, if fault there was, should be charged to the wind and the sea, and that he did not hold himself as one who could properly judge these. Nevertheless, the good Philetas could not persuade the Methymnaeans to accept his judgment, and when in anger they seized Daphnis again and began to tie his hands and to carry him away, the villagers rose up of a sudden like a flock of starlings or daws, and took Daphnis from them, who, when he had freed his hands, attacked with the others. And assailing them with their staves they turned them to flight, and ceased not until they had driven them over their borders. And when they were gone in the pursuit, in the quietness that followed, Chloe led Daphnis to the cavern of the nymphs, where

she bathed his face, which was covered with the blood that had flowed from his nose; then taking from her wallet some cheese and cake, she gave him to eat thereof, and (what most of all restored him) gave him with her tender mouth a kiss sweet as honey.

So did Daphnis escape the danger. But the end of the strife was not yet come, for the gallants from Methymne, returning on foot whence they had come in a fine ship, wounded and torn instead of a gay party seeking pleasure, made application to the town council, to whom they came in humble weed and downcast faces to beg vengeance for the outrage that had been committed upon them, taking care to put a different colour upon all, lest they should be exposed to laughter for having allowed themselves to be beaten by shepherds, accusing loudly the Mitylenaeans of having robbed them and stolen their boat by force, just as they might have done in open warfare. Their wounds bore testimony to the truth of the story they told, and the Methymnaeans, believing it to be a just and right thing to avenge the outrage that had been committed upon the children of the noblest families of their town, declared war upon the Mitylenaeans, without troubling to send a herald or declaration of war, merely ordering their General to put to sea promptly with ten galleys, and to do as much

damage to their coasts as he might, for it was thought that it would not be wise to risk a more numerous fleet, winter being so near. The next day he put to sea, and not wishing to overcrowd his ships, he manned the oars with the soldiers. And a few hours later they were ravaging the coast lands of the Mitylenaeans, whence they raped much cattle and grain, and wine, the vintage now being over ; and of the vintagers, too, not a few fell into their hands. They rowed towards the fields where Daphnis and Chloe led their flocks, and over-running the country, took all they could find. Now Daphnis was not there with his flocks, but had gone up into the wood for green branches to feed his young goats in the winter, and seeing from the tree-tops the Methymnaeans in the plain, he hid himself in the hollow of an oak. Chloe, who remained with her flock, thought she might escape by running, and took refuge in the cave of the nymphs, but was followed thither by the soldiers, whom she begged in the name of the nymphs not to harm her or her flock. But she pleaded in vain, for the Methymnaeans, after having railed at and mocked the images of the nymphs, took her and her flock with them, driving her before them with a switch as if she were a she-goat or a yoe.

And seeing that their ships were laden with

spoil, they sought to take no more, but returned homeward, afraid lest they might be overtaken by storms or enemies. And so they rowed away, putting all their strength into their oars, for there was not wind enough on the sea to fill a sail.

And when all the uproar had ceased, Daphnis drew himself out of the hollow of the oak and came to the edge of the wood, and finding neither his goats nor Chloe's yoes, but only the empty fields and the flute with which Chloe beguiled herself, thrown aside, he began to cry and to weep and then to sigh bitterly, running now to the oak where they were accustomed to sit, now to the shore, in the hope of finding her. And now he went to the cave of the nymphs, to whom she had run for refuge, and throwing himself on the ground he reproached the nymphs, saying that they had failed him in the hour of need. Chloe, said he, was torn from your altars, and your hearts must be hard to have seen this wrong done to her who wove for you so many beautiful garlands of flowers, who always brought you the first milk, who gave you the pipe that I see hanging there. A wolf never robbed me of a single goat, and our enemies have robbed me of my whole flock and Chloe, my fellow-shepherd and companion. My goats they will kill and skin off-hand; the yoes they will offer in sacrifice to the Gods;

and Chloe will live for evermore in some town far from me. How dare I come before my father and mother without my goats? without Chloe? What will become of me? for there are no more goats for me to lead. Wherefore I will not stir from here but wait for death or for mine enemies to return and take me with them. And Chloe, art thou suffering, too, as I am? Art thou thinking of the fields? And art thou mindful of the nymphs and me? Or dost thou find some light comfort in thy yoes and in my goats, made prisoners with thee? As he spoke these words, his heart heavy with grief and tears, he fell into a deep sleep, and in his sleep appeared to him the three nymphs, women tall and fair, half-naked, with unsandalled feet, hair scattered over their shoulders, in the likeness of their statues. And at first they seemed to pity Daphnis, and then the eldest among them said to comfort him: Complain not of us, Daphnis. Chloe is our care even more than she is thine. We took pity on her when she was born, and abandoned in this cave, and by our help she was succoured and reared. And thou shouldst know that Chloe has nothing in common with Dryas and his yoes, and even now we have provided that she shall not be carried as a slave to Methymne, nor be a part of the spoil of war. Pan, whose image is under that pine and whom ye never honoured even

with flowers, we have prayed that he may succour Chloe, for he is more used than we to armed hosts, and he himself often leaves the quiet of the fields to make war. At this moment he is gone against the Methymnaeans, a baneful foeman. Wherefore be not afflicted; rise and show thyself to Lamon and Myrtale, who have thrown themselves on the ground, believing that thou, too, hast been part of the booty taken. On the morrow Chloe will return to thee with her flocks, and thy she-goats, too, will return, and you shall watch over them as heretofore and play on the flute together. Afterwards, Eros shall have charge of you.

Daphnis having heard and seen these things, awoke suddenly, and sitting up he wept as much with joy as with sadness. He threw himself before the images of the nymphs and adored, and promised them that if Chloe were returned to him safely he would sacrifice the fattest of his she-goats. And then running to the pine under which God Pan was shown with the hooves of a buck, two horns on his head, one hand holding a flute and the other staying a young goat, he adored him also and begged him to come promptly to the help of Chloe, making him the same promise that he would sacrifice a buck to him. And to the end of the day, till the setting of the sun, he did not cease to weep and to cry for the return of

Chloe. At last gathering the boughs he had cut in the woods, he returned home, to relieve the great sorrow of Lamon and Myrtale and fill their hearts with bliss. Then after tasting food he turned to his bed, in which he wept, praying unceasingly that the nymphs should appear to him again and that the day should return, and with the day, according to their promise, Chloe. Never did a night seem so long to him before; but in it all that he asked was accomplished.

The leader of the Methymnaeans, having rowed about three-quarters of a league, bethought himself that it would be well that his tired soldiery should rest, and seeing a promontory stretching into the sea, crescent-shaped, within which the sea would let his ships ride safer than in any harbour, he cast anchor; and deeming himself safe from any mischief the peasants could do him, he bade his crews make merry. And they having on board abundance of plunder, began to eat and drink and make festival like people who had won a great victory. But as soon as the day was gone and the night began to make an end of jollity, it seemed to them suddenly that the earth was on fire and that they heard a great noise coming from the high seas, which they judged to be the oars of a great fleet coming against them. One watcher cried: To arms!

and they called to one another. One thought that he was already wounded; another saw a man stretched dead before him. Whereupon a great tumult arose; it seemed like a night battle, although there was no enemy there. And after this ghostly night the day came and they were frightened again, for they saw the horns of Daphnis's she-goats and he-goats twisted with branches of ivy and hung with grapes, they heard the yoes and the rams of Chloe howling like wolves, and Chloe herself they saw crowned with branches of pine needles. And on the sea were haps and prodigies fearsome to tell, for when they strove to raise their anchors, the anchors seemed held, and when they put out their oars, the oars cracked and broke. Dolphins rose from the sea and surrounded their ships, the planks of which were opened, so great was the splashing of their tails. From the height of the rock the sound of a seven-reeded flute such as shepherds play was heard, and those who heard it were frightened by it as by the unexpected sound of a bugle. A marvellous fear was put upon them which made them run to their arms, and though no enemy was visible, they cried aloud: Our enemies are upon us! And they desired that the night should come and relieve them of their fear—a truce from reality or phantoms, they knew not which. Yet who-

soever kept his senses, or any part of them, might very easily have guessed that the wonders of the night had been brought about by Pan, angry with them for some evil they had done; but they had neither touched nor taken anything wittingly that belonged to him, and terror prevailed among them till midday, when a great sleep fell upon their captain, one that they could not doubt had been sent from on high, and in this sleep Pan appeared to him and spoke these words:

O, wicked men and impious, how dared ye with tumult and show of arms invade my beloved fields to rape away the flocks under my protection and to carry off from a holy place a young girl around whom Eros would weave a mythic story? And have you no reverence for the nymphs who saw you do these things, nor for me who am the God Pan? Never will ye see again Methymne if ye carry away all this booty, nor escape from the sound of my flute, which has wrought amongst you so much confusion. Food for fish I will make all of you if thou dost not straightway give back Chloe to the nymphs and all her yoes and the flock of goats. Rouse at once without delay, set the maiden on land and all that I have named, and when thou hast done all this I will conduct you on your voyage and her, too, on her way.

Bryaxis, for so he was named, raised himself

and awoke tremblingly, and at once an order was sent to the captain of each galley that a search should be made among the prisoners for Chloe, the young shepherdess. This was done, and she was found sitting, wearing on her head a crown of pine needles. She was brought before the captain, and seeing that her resemblance tallied with the vision of his dream, he himself brought her to land on his own ship. And no sooner was she on shore than from the high rock the sound of the flute was heard again, no longer martial and terrible but in dulcet strains, like those with which shepherds are accustomed to lead their flocks to the fields. And no sooner were the yoes put at liberty than they ran down the scale of the ship, their hooves not slipping, and the she-goats still more boldly, inasmuch as they were used to tread in steep places; and then the two flocks encircled Chloe, bounding, skipping, and bleating, as if they rejoiced with her in their common deliverance. But the flocks of other shepherds and goat-herds remained in the holds of the galleys, as if the music of the pipe did not call to them. At which everybody wondered, and praised the goodness and the power of Pan. And stranger things still happened on sea and land, for the galleys of the Methymnaeans unloosed themselves before the anchors were raised, and a dolphin led them, leaping out of

Phelippeaux inv. et pinxit 1714. *B.lle Audran Sculp.*

Daphnis court au devant de Chloé.

the water before the leading galley; and on land a pleasing and soft sound of a pipe conducted the two flocks, though nowhere to be seen was the pipe player, and the yoes and the she-goats trotted and grazed as if the melody was pleasing in their ears.

It was at the hour when flocks are led to the fold after midday, and Daphnis seeing from his outlook Chloe with the two flocks, cried: O nymphs! O Pan! and ran towards her, and threw himself into her arms, taken with so great a joy that he fell breathless; and Chloe pressed him against her bosom and her kisses were barely sufficient to restore him to himself. When he had regained his wits they went away together to their accustomed oak, and sitting by her he could not do else than ask her how she had escaped from the hands of so many enemies. And Chloe told him everything: how they had followed her into the cave, how she had been raped away from the cave and carried on board a ship, of the ivy coming on the horns of the she-goats and the crown of pine needles on her head, of the howling of her yoes, the fire on the high rock, the noise in the sea, and the different tones of the flute that were played, one of peace and the other of war; and then how a sweet melody had led her all the way without her seeing anything. And then Daphnis, understanding the dreams

he had had of the nymphs and the power of Pan, told Chloe all he had heard and all he had seen, and how when he was in the nick of death the nymphs had delivered him. Then he sent her to fetch the households of Dryas and Lamon and what was needful for the sacrifice, and himself meanwhile chose the fattest she-goat of his flock, and when he had wound her horns with ivy in the same manner as the whole flock had appeared to the enemy, and poured milk between the horns, he sacrificed to the nymphs. The goat was hung and flayed, and the skin consecrated. And when Chloe returned, bringing with her Dryas and Lamon and their wives, he roasted part of the flesh and boiled the rest; but before any had partaken of it a share was set aside for the nymphs, and having filled a pitcher with sweet wine, he poured a libation to them. And then he made several beds of leaves and green boughs for his guests, and he and they fell to eating and drinking, his eyes, however, often raised between whiles in dread lest a wolf should rush from a thicket. And having eaten to fullness, they began to sing the solemn carols to the nymphs composed by ancient shepherds ages ago; and the night coming on, they lay in the fields. And the next day, not being without memory of Pan, the he-goat, the chief of the flock, was taken and crowned with branches of pine and led to

the pine; and under Pan's own image, whilst praises were offered to Pan, a libation of wine was poured out, and the he-goat was sacrificed, hung up, and flayed. Then part of the flesh was boiled, part roasted, and laid along the banks of the green meadow hard by, and the skin and the horns they pegged to the pine by the statue, a pastoral offering to a pastoral God; nor were they forgetful to leave the first and chiefest parts for Pan, and the accustomed libations were poured in his honour. Chloe sang, Daphnis played his flute; then all took their places at the feast. And it fell out that old Philetas brought Pan some garlands of flowers and bundles of vine branches, with grapes and leaves and vine shoots; and with him came his youngest son Tityrus, fair and ruddy, mischievous and alert, who ran untiringly, skipping like a kid. All rose to meet the newcomers, and they went together to crown Pan and to hang on the pine the branches and the garlands that the good Philetas had brought. Then place was made for him amongst them and food set before him.

When old men have drunk a little they begin to tell the stories of their youth: how they kept their flocks in the fields, how they escaped many dangers and avoided being taken by sea-robbers and thieves. One of the company boasted that he had killed a wolf, another that none could play

the flute as well as he, save only Pan. And this being the brag of Philetas, Daphnis and Chloe begged of him to show a little of his skill for their pleasure and the delight of the God to whom they had made sacrifice and who loved the sound of the flute. Philetas consented, and whilst regretting that his breath was shorter than of yore, he took Daphnis's flute from him, but this proved to be too small for him to exhibit his skill upon it; it was the flute of a boy. Wherefore he sent Tityrus to his shieling, half a league distant, to fetch his flute. The lad, throwing off his jacket, ran thither swift as a fawn or hind, and between whiles Lamon began to tell them the story of Pan and Syrinx, which he had learnt from a Sicilian shepherd, who knew the song, at the cost of a goat and a flute:

Syrinx, now a pastoral flute, was once a beautiful young girl with a lovely voice and great musical gift. She watched her flocks and sang and played with the nymphs, till one day Pan, seeing her in the fields watching her flocks, playing and singing, came to her and tried to persuade her to what he wanted; and for doing this he promised that he would make her she-goats bear twins every year. But she laughed at his love and said that she did not want any lover, nor a he-goat, nor any man entire. So Pan sought to take her by force, but Syrinx ran

away, both from Pan and his forcing. And running away, she got tired, hid in reeds, disappeared in a marsh. Pan was angry, cut the reeds, and not finding the maiden and seeing what had happened, invented the instrument, joining unequal reeds, for their love was unequal. So she who was once a beautiful maiden is now a pipe that gives music.

Lamon had hardly finished his story and Philetas had not finished praising it, saying that he had never heard in his life so beautiful a fable, when Tityrus arrived with his father's great flute, made of thick reeds clamped with brass above the wax fastenings, insomuch that one would have thought it was Pan's own flute, the first flute of all. Philetas rose, and seating himself upright on the bank, first tried the pipes to make sure that there was no stoppage anywhere; and seeing that every reed gave its true sound, he blew into his pipe, and so full and strong were the notes he produced that any one would have thought he heard many pipes playing together. Then little by little, with diminished breath, he blew, his music becoming turn and turn about soft and pleasant, exhibiting all the changes of pastoral music: the music to be played to a herd of cattle, the sounds that become a goat-herd, and the music loved of yoes and sheep, how that of the yoes is gracious and grave, whilst that of

the cattle and the goats is clear and sharp. One flute can therefore imitate the different flutes of the shepherd, the neat-herd, and the goat-herd. The company seated on the green bank listened in silence, taking great pleasure in hearing Philetas play, till Dryas rising up begged of him to play some gay song in honour of Bacchus whilst he danced a dance of the vintage, miming as he stepped it the gathering of the grapes from the vine, the hod-man carrying away the grapes on his shoulder, and then the vintager who trod the grapes underfoot; and he was followed by the miming of him who poured the wine into jars and of the man who drinks with good will and fearlessly of the new wine. And all these things he performed in his mimic dance so plainly and with such grace that it seemed to the company that they had before them the vine, the press, and the jars, and Dryas drinking the sweet wine. And the third old man having thus acquitted himself well in the dance, crossed over to Daphnis and Chloe, whom he kissed; and at once they rose and danced together the story that Lamon had related, Daphnis taking the part of God Pan and Chloe of the beautiful nymph Syrinx. He wooes and prays to win her, but she laughs and runs from him, he following, running on tip-toe, so imitating the gait of the buck; then she feigning fatigue and as if she could not run

any farther, hid herself in the wood, the stems of the trees doing duty for reeds. And then Daphnis played on the great flute of Philetas, drawing from it a sound sad as the plaint of Pan for the maiden, and then a cry of passion, a prayer for love, and then the despairing call of one who knows not where to look for that which he seeks. And all this was so well done that Philetas, delighted and astonished, ran to kiss him, and after having kissed him gave him the flute as a gift, telling him that he in his turn must leave it to a worthy successor.

Daphnis gave his own little flute to Pan, and having kissed Chloe, who had returned to him after unfeigned flight, he played whilst leading his flock back to the fold, for it was already late; and Chloe did the same, leading her flock by the sound of the same pipes, the goats walking side by side with the yoes, and Chloe close to Daphnis. And so until the close of night, they had their fill of one another, and took counsel to lead their flocks earlier on the morrow, and so they did, going forth at the very dawn to the pasture. And having saluted the nymphs and afterwards Pan, they sat beneath the oak and played the flute together, still kissing and embracing. They lay side by side, and doing nothing more rose up again, and then bethought themselves of their food; they drank their wine mixed with milk out of the same jar,

and then inflamed and emboldened by all these things they contended in amorous argument, seeking to make themselves safe against time and hap by plighting troth one to the other, Daphnis going under the pine and swearing by God Pan that he could not live a day without Chloe; and Chloe in the cave of the nymphs swore before the images to live and die with Daphnis. But she, like a young and innocent maiden, was simple enough to ask Daphnis as they came out of the cave to swear another oath. She said to him: God Pan, Daphnis, is a flighty God in whom there is no trust. O, he loved Pitys and he loved Syrinx, and he never ceases to annoy the nymphs who guard flocks, and he is always after the Dryads. Now, if thou art not true to the faith thou hast plighted to me, he will but laugh, even if thou shouldst have more mistresses than he has reeds in his pipe. Swear to me by thy flock and by the she-goat that suckled thee that thou wilt never leave Chloe as long as she be faithful to thee, and if she should be faithless to thee and to the nymphs, fly from her, hate her, or kill her as thou wouldst a wolf. Daphnis was pleased by her jealousy, and in the middle of his flock, holding by one hand a buck and by the other a she-goat, swore that he would love Chloe as long as she loved him, and that if it should fall out for her to love another he would kill him-

self instead of her. At which she was pleased and heartened more than she was by the first oath, for her belief was that yoes and she-goats were the Gods proper to shepherds and goat-herds.

THE PASTORAL LOVES OF DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

BOOK THE THIRD

But when the Mitylenaeans heard that the Methymnaeans had sent ten ships to ravage their coasts, and when folk from the country came telling how their lands had been overrun and plundered, only one opinion prevailed amongst them: that these insults done to them should be avenged at once. And forthright three thousand foot and five hundred horse were sent overland against the Methymnaeans under the command of their captain, General Hippasus, it being thought hazardous to send them by sea so late in the year. The captain on

his way thither refrained from ravaging the country of the Methymnaeans; neither were the flocks and chattels of the peasants and shepherds plundered, for he deemed such acts to be those of a thief rather than of a captain; but marched straight for the town, hoping to find the gates open and unguarded. However, within six leagues of the town he was met by a herald asking for a truce in the name of the Methymnaeans; for having since heard from their prisoners that the Mitylenaeans knew nothing of what had happened, and that the cause of the war could be traced to a quarrel in which some peasants had treated their young men roughly, they (the Methymnaeans) regretted having ventured on sharper reprisals than was prudent, and were ready to restore all the booty they had taken, wishing to live in peace and to trade by land and sea without fear or danger. Hippasus therefore sent back a messenger to Mitylene, though absolute power had been granted to him to treat with the enemy, and encamping within half a league of Methymne he waited to receive orders from his town. Two days afterwards orders were brought to him to accept all the stolen property as sufficient restitution and to return without doing damage, for having had the choice between war and peace they thought that peace was the better bargain. And so terminated the war between

Methymne and Mitylene, not less suddenly than it had been begun.

Now winter, bitterer than war to Daphnis and Chloe, filled the fields and the roads with snow, keeping the peasants within their houses. Floods flowed from the mountains and were frozen in their course: the trees were like dead trees, and nothing of the earth was seen except about the springheads and streams. So they could not bring their flocks to the fields any longer, nor put their noses out of doors; but at cock-crow, kindling a great fire, some twisted thread; others wove cloth of goat-hair; or contrived snares with which to catch birds. Much care was needed to keep the cattle alive, to carry straw for them to eat it in the byre, to find leafage for the she-goats and the yoes in the fold, and mast and acorns for the pigs in the sties. All the same, few reproaches were heard against grim winter, for both tillers and shepherds were glad to be free from their daily work in the fields; good meals and long sleeps made winter seem sweeter than summer, autumn, or spring, to all except Daphnis and Chloe, who could not keep out of their minds thoughts of the kisses exchanged under oak trees and pines, of happy moments in the fields and woods, and so vivid were their remembrances that they did not sleep at night but lay awake thinking of the coming season; a rebirth it would be truly for

them as for the world. On catching sight in the mornings of the wallet in which they had carried their food, their hearts misgave them, and seeing the pitcher from which they had drunk in turn, or a pipe, the gift of some bygone sweetheart, thrown into a corner, uncared for, forgotten, they were taken with sudden apprehensions and regrets. So they prayed to the nymphs and to Pan to deliver them from the evil of cold days and show the clear bright sunlight again to them and to their flocks, and whilst offering up prayers they bethought themselves how they might see each other. Of herself, Chloe could think of nothing, not altogether her fault, for she whom she believed to be her mother was always after her, talking to her of marriage whilst showing her how to card wool and to turn the spindle; but Daphnis, having more leisure and more wit than the maid, bethought him of a plan to see her.

In front of Dryas's house, by the wall of the courtyard, were two great myrtles and an ivy bush. The myrtles were near one another, their stems almost touching, so that the ivy embraced the two, and spreading like a vine over one and the other, drawing the two together, it wove a roof of thick, shiny leaves, from which hung clusters of black berries like grapes from a trellis, bringing hither multitudes of birds who in the winter could find no food elsewhere—

hordes of blackbirds, hordes of thrushes, hordes of pigeons, hordes of starlings, and all the other birds that like ivy berries. On pretence of bird-catching Daphnis left the house, his wallet filled with bread and cake, and to disarm suspicion completely he carried pots of bird lime and some snares. The distance between one house and the other was about half a league, and he found it hard to drag his feet through the deep soft snow; but Love is not stopped by fire, water, nor even Scythian snows, and Daphnis did the journey without drawing breath, and arriving at Dryas's cottage shook the snow from his legs, set his snares, smeared the ivy twigs with lime, and posted himself to watch for the coming of the birds and, peradventure, for Chloe's. As to the birds, they came in great numbers, and he took as many as he cared to gather, to kill, and to pluck, but nobody left the house, neither man nor woman nor cock nor hen; all were within doors, drawn up cosily by the fire, and poor Daphnis was in grief that he should have come at so unlucky a moment. He was for pushing through the doorway could he but have thought of some excuse, and he turned over in his mind what he had better say: I have come to get a light. How! Have you no nearer neighbours? I ask for bread. But thy wallet is full of food. Some wine. But the vintage is only a little time past. A wolf followed

me. But where is the track? I want to see Chloe. But such a confession could not be made to a father and to a mother, and of all these pretexts every one would awaken suspicion. It will be better that I should go home. I shall see her in the spring, not in the winter, since the Gods don't wish it; and they do not seem as if they did. And having talked in this way to himself and gathered up all he had taken of thrushes and other birds, he started on his way. But as if Love had pity upon him, this is what happened.

Dryas and his family were at table; the bread, the meat, the wine were before them; and so intent was everybody on eating and drinking that one of the sheep-dogs, seeing his chance, snatched a lump of meat and fled with it from the house. Dryas, very angry—for had not the dog taken his share of the food?—caught up his stick and ran after him; and whilst chasing his dog he passed by the arbour, the twigs of which Daphnis had covered with lime, and seeing the bird-catcher, his spoils on his shoulder, about to set off home, he forgot his dinner and the dog. God bless thee, my son! cried he, and fell upon Daphnis's shoulder, and after kissing him he led him by the hand into the house. When the twain saw one another they were overcome and nearly fell, but they kept steady on their legs and with

calm faces bade each other good-day, kissed; and the embrace was propitious, for each supported the other and a swoon was avoided. And Daphnis's hope being thereby exceeded, for he had not only seen but kissed Chloe, he sat down by the fire, and whilst throwing his great spoil of thrushes and pigeons on the table, he told a story to the company: how, bored and wearied by remaining within doors day after day, he had gone forth to catch birds; some he had taken with springs and snares and others with lime, as they fought with one another for the myrtle and ivy berries. He was praised by all for his wit, food was laid before him, and they bade him eat; and Chloe was told to pour out drink, which she did willingly for all, serving Daphnis the last, for she pretended anger against him for having come so near to her and for having nearly left without having seen or spoken to her. All the same, before she poured out wine for him she drank from the cup; and thirsty though he was he drank slowly, so that he might lengthen out the pleasure. . . . Not long after were gone all the bread and meat on the table, and the company having taken their seats, fell to asking Daphnis for news of Myrtale and Lamon, saying that it was a rare good fortune for them to have such a staff as he to support them in their old age. Daphnis was not sorry to hear

himself praised, and the rather when he was praised in the presence of his Chloe. But when they told him that he must remain with them this day and the day after because on the morrow they were sacrificing to Bacchus, he felt very near to adoring them instead of the God. He emptied his wallet of many cakes and fell to plucking the birds he had caught for supper. Once more the fire was lighted, the wine was drawn, and the table spread; and as soon as the night had fallen they began to eat, and after eating they told stories and sang songs till sleep compelled them to their beds, Chloe with her mother and Daphnis with Dryas. But night brought her no more than thoughts of Daphnis, with whom she would spend the next day, and Daphnis deemed it a great good fortune to sleep even with the father of his Chloe, whom he embraced and kissed more than once, thinking in his dream that he was embracing and kissing Chloe.

The morning was very cold, and a north wind came up with it that pierced and burned. When they were all assembled Dryas sacrificed a yearling goat to Bacchus and lighted a great fire for the cooking of the dinner; and whilst Nape was baking the bread and Dryas was boiling the goat, Chloe and Daphnis were free to go into the arbour and set snares and traps and spread the twigs with bird lime, and

whilst they were bird-catching they kissed each other continually and between their kisses they spoke. Daphnis said: I came for thee, Chloe. I know that well enough, Daphnis. Because of thee, fair one, I killed these poor birds. What then am I to thee? Hast thou forgotten me? No, I have forgotten nothing; I swear it by the nymphs whom we shall see again as soon as the snow is melted. Ah, Chloe, but the snow is deep; mayhap I shall melt before it melts. Be not afraid, Daphnis, the sun will be warm, but let the spring come. Ah, would it were already like the fire that burns my heart. Wicked one! thou dost mock and cozen me, and one day thou wilt be unfaithful. No, never, by the goats on whom I swore before. In this manner Chloe answered her Daphnis, like an echo, neither more nor less. Nape called them and they ran, bringing with them their takings, more numerous than those of yesterday. And after having made libations to Bacchus they fell to eating, with crowns of ivy on their heads; and when they had eaten well, a hymn was sung to Bacchus and Daphnis was sent forth with a wallet well filled with bread and meat, and they returned to him all the thrushes and stock-doves to bring to Lamon and Myrtale, saying that they could take as many of these as they pleased as long as winter lasted and the ivy had berries. So did

Daphnis leave them, kissing all of them before he kissed Chloe, so that her kiss might remain in his memory distinct and pure. Other excuses were found to return to her, and so the winter was not empty of kisses and amorous pleasures for them both.

And at the beginning of the spring the snow melted, the earth reappeared, the grass began to show, and the shepherds went forth again with their flocks to the fields, Chloe and Daphnis leading the way, they being servants of a greater shepherd; and running straight to the nymphs of the cave, then to Pan under the pine, and then to the oak, they sat watching their flocks grazing, kissing the while, and afterwards wandering in search of flowers to weave garlands for the Gods. But in response to the sweet breath of Zephyrus, the flowers had only begun to awaken and to open to the heat of the sun; but they found violets and narcissus, lilies-of-the-valley and other flowers, firstlings of the new season, and from these they wove chaplets, and whilst crowning the images they offered milk freshly drawn from the udders of their yoes and she-goats. Then they began to play upon their pipes as if to provoke a match with the nightingales, who answered them from the bushes, beginning little by little to lament Itys once again and repeat their warble after a long silence. And then the yoes began

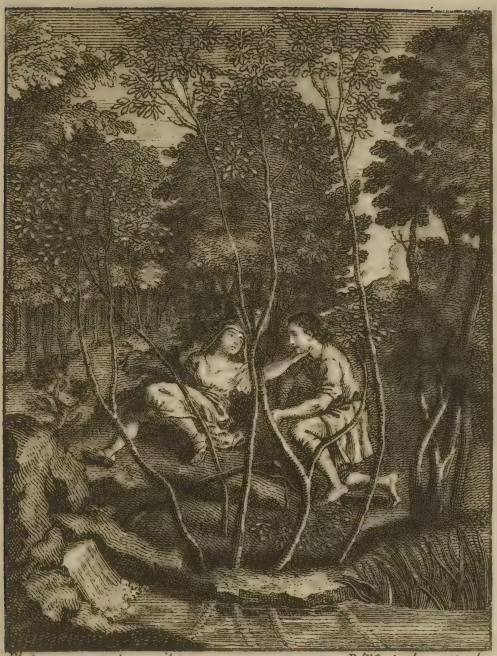
to bleat and the lambs to skip and to kneel under the bellies of their mothers. The rams followed the yoes that had not yet lambed, and having caught them, leapt, serving one after the other, and the bucks raced after the she-goats, jumping them in the same fashion and butting fiercely for love of them. Each had his own shes and kept guard lest another should do him wrong. And so by sights and sounds that would have enkindled the fires of Aphrodite in old men the twain were afflicted, and compelled by their own nature to seek more eagerly than they had yet done that ease and content which kisses and embraces do not afford; but Daphnis the most. For he, being now lusty and well filled out, having spent the whole winter within doors doing nothing, thrilled after the kiss and was big, as the phrase runs, for embraces, more curious in every one, more hardy than he ever was before, pressing Chloe to grant him all he asked for and to lie with him flesh to flesh longer than was their custom. For, said he, that is the one thing of Philetas's counsels that remains untried, the one and only medicine that soothes the pain of love. Chloe asked what else they could do but kiss and lie together as they were in their clothes, and what he thought he might do if they were to lie together naked. That which the rams do to the yoes and the bucks to the

she-goats. Thou hast seen that after the jump the yoe runs no longer from the ram; they graze together, assuaged and content, so there is of a certainty a sweetness unknown to us, a sweetness that surpasses the bitterness of love. But hast not seen, said she, that the rams and the yoes and the bucks and the she-goats whilst tasting of the sweetness do not lie together but taste whilst standing up, the rams leaping on the yoes, the yoes receiving them on their backs? Yet thou wouldst have me lie on the ground with thee, and naked. Are our beasties not clothed in wool and hair more closely than I am in these garments? He believed her and lay beside her, and for a long time he lay doing nothing, for he was without knowledge how to do that which he desired ardently to do. He lifted her up and endeavoured to imitate the goats, but failing from behind as he had done in front, he sat down beside her and began to weep, for it was sad to find that he knew less about the ways of love than a tup.

Not far away there was one who farmed his own land, a man called Chromis, already past middle age, somewhat broken and over-worn. He lived with a young woman, dainty and blooming, come from the town, named Lycoenium, who seeing Daphnis pass every morning leading his flocks to pasture and returning with them in the evening to the fold, was taken with

a longing to have him for her lover, and began to woo him with presents and to watch for him, till one day, catching him alone, she gave him a flute, some honeycombs, and a wallet made of deerskin, but she did not dare to open her mind to him, for she divined his love for Chloe; he was always with her and she had seen them exchanging smiles and signs. So one morning, after telling Chromis that she was going to see a neighbour in child-bed, she followed the twain step by step, and from behind some bushes she saw all they did, heard all they said, and marking how Daphnis wept, was moved with sorrow for the twain, and forthright began to look on the occasion as a double one for doing good, to help them and to ease her own desire. And this was her device: on the morrow she spoke again to Chromis of her friend who was still in labour, but went to the oak under which were Daphnis and Chloe, and feigning the troubled housewife: Alas, my friend, she said to Daphnis, I beg thee to come to my aid. Of my twenty goslings an eagle has taken the finest. But since his burden was heavy the eagle was not able to carry it to the rocks above us where he has his eyrie, and has fallen with it into this very wood, and I implore thee, Daphnis, by the nymphs and Pan yonder, to come with me. I am frightened to go alone; help me to get my gosling back, and peradventure thou shalt kill the eagle

that rapes away thy lambs and thy kids; Chloe can watch the two flocks awhile; thy she-goats know her as well as thee. And Daphnis, suspecting nothing, jumped up, and crook in hand, went away after Lycoenium, who took him into the thickest part of the wood near to a spring-head; and having asked him to sit down, she said: Daphnis, thou lovest Chloe. The nymphs came last night and told me of the tears thou didst weep yesterday, and commanded me to free thee from thy trouble by teaching thee that love is more than kissing and embracing and more than all that the rams and the bucks can do. It is something more and something sweeter; and if thou wouldst be done with the worry that is upon thee and find the ease that thou'rt in search of, thou hast only to apprentice thyself to me, brave young lad, and for love of the nymphs I will show thee what love is. At this Daphnis lost his head, so glad was he, poor village boy, young and amorous, and throwing himself on his knees before Lycoenium, he joined his hands in prayer and begged of her to teach him at once the sweet craft of love so that he might have his desire with Chloe. And as if it were some great and marvellous secret, he promised her a kid at the tit, fresh cheeses, cream, and a she-goat with them. And Lycoenium, seeing him even more simple and natural than she had imagined, began to



Philippus inv. et pinxit 1914 *B.tus Audran Sculp*

Licœnion enseigne Daphnis au jeu d'Amour

instruct him and in this manner. She ordered him to sit close to her and to kiss her as he and Chloe were accustomed to kiss each other, and whilst kissing her to embrace her and to lie on the ground beside her. And as he was sitting by her, kissing her and lying beside her, she, finding him ready, raised him up, slipped beneath him, and put him in the way that he had long sought; and then nature coming to his aid, the natural was accomplished. No more was done; so finished the amorous lesson. Daphnis, as innocent as before, was running to Chloe to teach her what he had learnt as if he was afraid he should forget it, but Lycoenium detained him. Thou must know, Daphnis, that being a grown woman thou hast not hurt me; for another man a long while back taught me what I have taught thee, and for his pains he had my maidenhead. But Chloe, when she will struggle with thee, will cry out and will weep, and will bleed as if she had been killed. But do not be afraid. And when she would give herself to thee bring her here, so that if she

ERRATUM

Page 113, line 8 from bottom:

for bring her here *read* bring her hither.

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After having given him this piece of counsel, Lycoenium left him and crossed over the wood, looking from side to side as if seeking

her gosling; and Daphnis remained thinking of what she had told him, eased of his earlier eagerness and uncertain whether he should trouble Chloe with anything more than kisses and embraces. He did not wish her to cry out, for to do so would seem to him like the act of an enemy; nor did he wish to make her weep, for to do so would be a sign that he was hurting her; nor did he wish to make her bleed, for being a novice he dreaded blood and did not know that an issue of blood could be but from a wound. So he returned from the wood resolved to take their usual pleasure; and coming to where she sat weaving a chaplet of violets, he told her a story of how he had saved Lycoenium's gosling from the talons of the eagle. Then taking her in his arms he kissed her as Lycoenium had kissed him during their enjoyment, for that, he thought, could be done without danger. Chloe put upon his head the chaplet she had woven and at the same time kissed his hair, which to her smelt sweeter than the violets, and then gave him his wallet filled with dried raisins and some bread, very often taking the bread and fruit from his mouth, just as a little bird takes it from his mother's beak. And whilst they ate together, having less thought for food than for their kisses, they spied a fishing boat passing by. There was no wind and the sea was calm; wherefore the oars were

put out and the crew rowed with all diligence, for they were bringing their fish to some rich man's house in Mitylene and wished to show it fresh, just come out of the sea. And to beguile their weariness, according to the custom of mariners one of them sang a sea song, the cadence of the song determining the beat of the oars, the others, like a choir, uniting at intervals with the voice of the singer. When they crossed an open stretch of the sea the sound was lost in space, but when rounding a rocky point they entered a crescent-shapen bay, the sound came loudly to the shore and the burden of the song was heard clearly; for in the inmost part of the bay a rocky clough caught the sound as if in an instrument and gave it back again with a voice of its own, both the noise of the oars and the sailors' chanting. It was a delightsome hearing, the voice from the sea ever coming the first and the land voice lingering so much the longer as it had begun later. Now Daphnis, who was accustomed to the mystery of echoes, sat with his eyes fixed on the sea, taking pleasure in watching the boat disappear into the distance like a bird into the air, and sought to remember the song sufficiently to play it on his flute again. But Chloe never having heard the resonance of the voice that is called Echo, turned her head now seaward when the fishers sang, and now towards

the woods and valleys to see who it was that answered. And when the fisher folk being gone, all was silent on the sea and on land, Chloe asked Daphnis if behind the rocky point there was another sea, another boat, and other rowers that sang. He smiled sweetly, and yet more sweetly he kissed her, and putting on her head the wreath of violets began to tell her the story of Echo, asking her for the telling of it ten more kisses.

There are, my darling, many sorts of nymphs. There are the nymphs of the woods and the nymphs of the fields and of waters. All are beautiful and all are learned in the art of song, and a daughter of one of them was called Echo —mortal, for she was born of a mortal father, and of a beauty befitting the daughter of a beautiful mother. She was reared by the nymphs and taught by the Muses, who showed her how to play the pipe and the flute and to strike chords on the lyre and the cithern, and all the art of song. So when she came to womanhood she danced with the nymphs and sang with the Muses, but she fled from all males, from Gods as well as men, loving better her virginity than all else. For this Pan was angry with her, jealous because she sang so well, and vexed for he was without hope of ever being allowed to enjoy her beauty. So he sent a madness among the shepherds and the goat-herds of the coun-

try, and furious as wolves or mad dogs they threw themselves upon the poor girl, tore her to pieces whilst she still sang, casting hither and thither her broken but still songful limbs. The earth for the nymphs' sake kept her limbs, preserved her song, and ever since, by the will of the Muses, repeats all voices and sounds just as the maiden did when alive, men, Gods, beasts, instruments; and Pan himself she mocks when he plays on the pipe, and when he hears her he follows her through the hills, no longer from jealousy but curious to learn who is the hidden pupil whom he knows not and never can find, but who repeats his music so beautifully.

And Daphnis having ended his story, Chloe kissed him, not only ten times as he had asked but many times more, for Echo repeated, or very nearly, all that he had said, as if she wished to bear witness to the truth of his story.

The springtime had ended; summer was commencing, and the heat increased daily. But with the season new pastimes: Daphnis swam in the rivers; Chloe bathed in the springs. He sought on his flute to imitate the music of the wind in the branches of the pines, and she vied with the nightingales, and together they hunted cicalas, gathered grass-hoppers, plucked flowers, shook the branches and ate the fruits that fell, and lay under the same goatskin, flesh to flesh. Then Chloe might easily have been

made a woman if Daphnis had not been frightened at the thought of blood. He had such great fear of it, and was in such doubt that he might not always be master of himself, that he did not suffer Chloe to be naked often, which caused her much surprise; but she was afraid to ask him the reason for this forbiddance. A first trouble, but others followed quickly, for during the summer a great press of lovers was about Chloe, come from all sides to ask her in marriage of Dryas. Some brought presents and all made such great promises that Nape, stirred by greed, began to talk of marrying her, saying that so tall a girl should no longer remain at home, and that if they did not hasten to give her a husband she would, peradventure, whilst watching her flocks in the fields, lose her maidenhead and marry a shepherd for apples or roses. Nape said it would be more to her advantage and theirs to make her the mistress of the house of some good man, and to take what he offered to lay by for their own son, for lately a little boy had been born to them; and Dryas was often swayed by the reasons she gave, for Chloe's suitors offered more valuable presents than was usual to give for a simple shepherdess; but Dryas had always in mind that his daughter was born to a higher lot than a peasant's and one day might find her true parents and make everybody happy. So the wooers,

though they came laden with presents, could get no direct answer from him but were put off from season to season. And when the goings and comings of the suitors and all that was said of them came to Chloe's knowledge, and seeing the presents about the house, she was greatly troubled, but withheld the cause of her trouble from Daphnis. But he pressed her and importuned her so to tell him that she began to feel at last that by withholding the story she was causing him more suffering than if she told him everything. So she told him all, the number of the wooers and the presents they offered, and the words that Nape had used to bring over Dryas, and how at last he had come to think with her, asking only that his answer might be remitted to the next vintage. And on hearing these tidings Daphnis was nigh bereft of his wit, and sitting on the ground he wept, saying that he would die if Chloe no longer came out to the fields to watch the flocks with him; and not only he, but the yoes and the she-goats would die of grief if they lost their shepherdess. But when he had thought the matter over his courage began to return to him, and he resolved to go to her father and declare himself one of her suitors, in good hope that he would be far preferred to the others. One thing, however, troubled him: Lamon was not rich. His hopes fell, but he was resolved, no matter what

might happen, he would ask for Chloe for wife; and Chloe was of the same mind. All the same, he did not dare to speak to Lamon, but instead confided his love to Myrtale boldly, telling her he wished to wed Chloe.

Myrtale spoke to her husband that very night, but Lamon was by no means pleased at the thought of wedding Daphnis to a shepherdess, and he asked his wife if she had forgotten the marks and the signs on the clothing that the boy had been found wrapped in, tokens and testimonies of his noble birth, whereby he would be recognised one day or another by his parents, who would not only give them their freedom but make them masters of larger and richer lands than those they held as serfs. But Myrtale thinking that the boy, being in love, might attempt his own life if he lost all hope of getting what he desired, withheld from him Lamon's reason for refusing his consent. We are poor, my lad, she said, and have need of a girl who will bring money to the house rather than take money out of it. It is the other way about with her parents; they are rich and would like to get a husband who will give and give again. But go to Chloe; coax her, and let her coax her father, saying that he must not ask too much of us and to give her to thee in marriage. Without doubt she loves thee and would lie more willingly with thee than with any one

of the rich wooers, as ugly as monkeys, every one of them. In this way she thought she had parried Daphnis cleverly, for she took it for granted that Dryas, with all the rich suitors, as it were, in the hollow of his hand, would never give his consent. And Daphnis, unable to find fault with her answer and seeing himself with little hope of getting Chloe, did what all poor lovers do on such occasions: he began to weep and to call upon the nymphs to help him. And they, on the next night as he was asleep, appeared to him in the same form and in the same manner as before. The eldest among them said: Another God has charge of the marrying of Chloe. We will give thee gifts wherewith to bribe Dryas. The Methymnaean ship whose hawser was eaten by thy goats a year ago was carried by the winds far from land; but a storm coming from the sea in the night, she was driven ashore on the rocks. All that was in her was lost except a purse of money, three hundred crowns, which the waves cast up with some wreckage, and it is now hidden in seaweed near to a dead dolphin, unknown to anybody, for everybody travelling that way ran from the stench. And go thou and take the purse; it is enough for thee now not to seem a beggar, but in time to come thou shalt be rich.

As soon as these words were spoken the nymphs vanished with the night, and dawn

began. Daphnis rose very joyful and drove his flock to the fields with great whistling, and having kissed Chloe and saluted the nymphs, he made to the shore as though he would refresh himself in the spray, and on the sand, close to the sea, he walked looking for the three hundred crowns. And he was not to have much trouble, for presently the stench of the dead dolphin caught him in the nose, and following it he came to a pile of sea-weed in which he searched and found in it the well-filled purse, which he put into his wallet, not returning homeward till he had adored and thanked the nymphs, and also the sea, for shepherd though he was, on that day the sea seemed to him tenderer and sweeter than the earth, for it had helped him to win Chloe for wife. Without delay, then, and deeming himself richer than the peasants of the neighbourhood, richer than any living man, he went to Chloe to announce the dream he had had; and after showing her the purse he had found, he asked her to watch his flock until his return. Then he swaggered off to Dryas, whom he found threshing wheat in the barn with his wife Nape, and very boldly broke into the subject of the marriage: Give me Chloe to wife. I know how to play the flute, how to prune a vine, how to plant trees. I know how to plough the earth, and to present the wheat to the fan. Chloe herself

will bear witness that I know how to manage a flock. For a beginning I was given fifty she-goats, and in two years they have increased to a hundred. Moreover, I have furnished the flock with ten he-goats, tall, fine animals; heretofore we led our she-goats elsewhere. I am young, and your neighbour, and nobody has a word to say against me. A she-goat suckled me, and Chloe was suckled by a yoe. Being so much better than the others I will not be behind them in gifts. All they can give are a few she-goats, a few sheep, a couple of mangy oxen, and hardly enough wheat to feed three chickens; whereas here are three hundred crowns for you. One thing, however, I ask: that nobody shall be told, not even my father Lamon; and saying these words he gave Dryas the money, embraced and kissed him.

And Dryas and Nape, seeing such a large sum of money, more than they had ever expected to see, promised him that he should have Chloe for wife and charged themselves to gain Lamon's consent. And leaving Daphnis and Nape to drive the oxen over the threshing floor, separating the wheat from the chaff, Dryas put by the purse in the place where the tokens were stored, and went off to Lamon and Myrtale to ask for their boy in marriage, therein reversing the usual custom. He found them measuring barley just taken from the fan, all the while

complaining that it was with difficulty they gathered as much as they had sown. He comforted them, saying it was the same everywhere, and then asked them to give Daphnis as a husband to Chloe, saying that though the others had offered and given much for his consent, he did not want anything from them but was ready to give a little of his own, for they were, he said, reared together, and whilst watching their flocks in the fields had fallen into such friendship that it would be a hardship to separate them now, and of all, they having now come to an age when they might very well lie together. He put forward all these reasons and many others with the fervour of a man who had received three hundred crowns for his pleading. Lamon could no longer excuse himself on the ground of poverty, for Dryas and Nape did not think themselves above him, nor could he plead Daphnis's age as an objection (the lad was near to manhood), and yet he would not utter the real truth, which was that Daphnis's parentage would not admit of such an alliance. But after having thought a little while, he said: Of good stock you must be indeed to prefer your neighbours to strangers and to choose honest poverty rather than riches, and I pray that Pan and the nymphs shall recompense you. For myself, I desire this marriage as much as you do. I should be mad, seeing myself fallen into years

and needing help more than ever, if I did not look upon this alliance as a great piece of luck for me. Chloe, too, is much sought after, and is fair and in her bloom and good in every way. But being a serf I can dispose of nothing; my master must be told and his consent obtained. Come then, let us postpone the wedding till the next autumn; for he will be here then, such is the report in the town, and will give his consent, I have no doubt of it, and till then they must love each other as brother and sister. But I should like to tell thee that the young man thou wouldst have for son-in-law is of better blood than we are. And that said, he kissed Dryas and poured out wine, for it was already undern, and went with him part of the road, treating him with all friendliness.

But Dryas had not listened heedlessly to the words Lamon spoke before pouring out the wine, and returned home wondering who Daphnis might be. A she-goat was his nurse, and the Gods have charge of him. He is beautiful and in nothing is beholden to that flat-nosed old man and bald-pated old woman. He found when he needed them three hundred crowns, and it is hard to believe that a goat-herd could have put up so many nuts. Is he like Chloe a foundling? Did Lamon find him with marks and signs upon his swaddles just as I found them upon hers? O Pan, and you nymphs,

grant that it may be thus, and that the end of the adventure be that Daphnis will find his parents and something of Chloe's secret, too. So did Dryas go his way deep in discourses and dreams till he came to his threshing floor, where he found the lad eager to hear what Lamon's answer might be. After bidding him be of good cheer Dryas addressed him as his future son-in-law, promising him his wedding at the next vintage, giving him his hand in pledge that Chloe should belong to nobody but to him. And Daphnis, without waiting for food or drink, swifter than thought ran to Chloe with the good news, and there and then kissed her before everybody, as he had a right to do, she being his betrothed, and at once began to help her in her work. He milked the she-goats and yoes into the pails, set the cheeses in baskets, put her lambkins under the udders, doing the same duty for his kids. And when all that was done they washed themselves and ate and drank and went in search of the ripe fruits, of which there was great abundance, for it was after August and the richness of September had brought ripe pears in plenty, medlars and azaroles, quinces, falling from the branches, others hanging waiting to be plucked, those on the ground having a sweeter scent and those on the branches a ruddier bloom, the former smelling like wine, the latter shining like gold.

Among the apple trees there was one whose fruit had all been gathered; neither fruit nor leaves had it, only naked branches and one apple hanging from the highest branch, a marvellous apple, sweet-smelling, itself alone worth many for its fragrance. But he who had gathered the others had not dared to climb so high, or was careless to strike it down, an apple, peradventure, kept for an amorous shepherd. No sooner had Daphnis caught sight of this apple than he was set on climbing to gather it. Chloe said she would not have him gather it, but he paid no attention to her; wherefore, unlistened to and vexed, she left him, and Daphnis, climbing, reached the tree top and the apple, which he gathered and brought to her. And seeing her face discontented, he spoke these words: This apple, Chloe, my dear, was born of beautiful summer days. A fine tree nourished it; the sun ripened it; luck has kept it from the gatherer. I should have been blind indeed not to have seen it, and stupid, having seen it, to have left it on the bough, to fall later upon the ground to be crushed by the feet of the cattle, or poisoned by a serpent as he went by; or to hang on high, desired, admired, bepraised, to be spoilt at last by time. Aphrodite won an apple as the prize of her beauty, and an apple I award thee; the judges, too, of her and thee are alike. He was a shepherd; I am a goat-herd. Saying these

words he laid the apple on Chloe's lap, and she, when he bent over her, kissed him so sweetly that Daphnis did not regret having climbed so high for a kiss that to him was worth more than a golden apple.

THE PASTORAL LOVES OF DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

BOOK THE FOURTH

It fell out, however, for one of the lord's retainers to come from the town with the news that the master would arrive before the vintage to view the damage that the Methymnaeans had done to his fields; and the season being advanced and the great heats over, Lamon had no time to lose and was busy every day in the house and the gardens, anxious that the master's eye should fall upon nothing that was displeasing to him. He scoured the fountains so that the water should be pure and clear, and the manure-heap in the courtyard was carried

away lest a bad smell should reach the master's nostrils; and the orchard he tidied so that the master might find it more beautiful than he had expected. A beautiful and pleasing place this orchard was, one worthy of a king's inheritance, half a quarter of a league in length, on high ground, five hundred paces wide, wherefore almost as broad as it was long. Now in this orchard were all kinds and sorts of trees, the apple, the pear, the myrtle, the pomegranate, the fig, and the olive, and a high-growing vine that trailed over the apple and pear trees, seeming to vie with them in fruitage as it ripened. All these were of man's cultivation, but there were also forest trees that bore no fruit and planted themselves, such as the laurel, the plane, the cypress, the pine; and over their branches ivy trailed with bunches of berries already black, imitating the grape. The fruit trees were in the centre of the orchard, where they might be safer, and those that bore no fruit were on the fringes, a sort of rampart, all close like a hedge, a sort of little, unmortared wall. There was order and excellent distribution, sufficient spacing being allowed between the trunks of the trees for them to increase and to develop, their branches, however, meeting and interweaving overhead so beautifully that nature seemed like art. Also there were beds and borders of flowers, natural flowers of nature's

own sowing, and flowers, too, that man had sown; the roses, the hyacinths, and the lilies were man's gifts to the garden, the violets, the narcissi, and the daisies were nature's. There were flowers in the spring, shadows in summer-time, fruits in autumn, pleasure and content all the year round. Every opening in the trees discovered the great plain below, with shepherds keeping watch over their flocks, and thence were to be seen the ships on the sea, coming and going along the coasts, a continual pleasure added to the other pleasances of this place. In the middle of the orchard, at the meeting of two paths that cut it along and across, there was a temple dedicated to Bacchus, the altar clothed with ivy, the temple over-run by a vine; and within the temple was the story of Bacchus painted, Semele giving birth, Ariadne asleep, Lycurgus bound, Pentheus torn, Indians overcome, Tyrrhenians changed into dolphins, and satyrs gaily vintaging and treading the grapes, and everywhere Bacchantes leading the dances forward. Pan was not forgotten, but was shown seated on a rock playing, it would seem, a music for the common profit of the Bacchantes that danced and the satyrs treading in the wine presses.

In this orchard of mixed art and nature Lamon was busy pruning and cutting the dry and dead branches and raising and rehanging

the fallen vines. He crowned Bacchus daily with new wreaths and devised a rill whereby he brought water from a fountain; for Daphnis had found a springhead, now called Daphnis's fountain; and the flowers were sprinkled with the water from it. Lamon had a word to say to Daphnis about his goats: he would do well to fatten them as speedily as possible, for the master, not having seen his flocks and herds for a long time, would inspect them carefully. But Daphnis had no doubt that he would get praise for his flock, for he had doubled the number of the she-goats that had been given to him; not one of them had been ravened away by a wolf, and they were all in prime condition, fat as sheep. All the same, to raise himself in the master's esteem and to make sure of his consent to the marriage, he gave all his time and care to the flock, striving hard for further improvement of it, leading it to the fields in the early morning and returning in the dusk. Twice a day he watered the flock and his eyes were always open for the best pasturage. He remembered to get new bowls, a stock of milking-pails, and a great number of cheese-racks. Nor did his diligence stop at this; he oiled his goats' horns, cleansed and combed their shag, till whosoever saw the flock would take it for one sacred and dedicated to Pan. Chloe laboured with him, neglecting her yoes, and Daphnis

thought that it was her doing that his flock appeared so fine.

Whilst they were thus busy another messenger came from the city with an order that the vintage was to begin at once, and that he was to remain in charge till the wine was made and then to return to the town for his master, who would not arrive until the last fruits were gathered at the end of autumn. The messenger's name was Eudromus, which signifies a runner, and his business was to run wherever he was sent. He was well received with good cheer, and the vintage was begun, and so heartily that within a few days the grapes were gathered, pressed, and the wine drawn off into jars, a number of the finest bunches, however, being left on the branches so that those who came from the town could form an idea of the pleasure of the vintage and think they had been there. When Eudromus was ready to leave Daphnis bethought himself of what presents he could give him, and he gave what a goatherd could give: some beautiful cheeses, a kid, and the skin of a she-goat whose shag was long, wherewith he might cover himself in winter whilst travelling. And he was glad of it, kissed Daphnis, and promised to give a good account of him to their master; and thus it was he returned to the town well disposed to them all, Daphnis remaining in the fields with Chloe,

both in great trouble of mind, her trouble not less than his, for she remembered his youth and that he had seen nothing except his goats, the hills, peasants, and herself, and very soon he was going to see his master, whose name he had barely heard till now. She was anxious to know how he would speak to his master, and was alarmed about their marriage, fearing that it would disappear like a dream or a whiff of smoke. And so troubled by thoughts were they that their kisses were henceforth mixed with fears and their embraces almost mournful, and in dread they lay in each other's arms as if the master was already there and could see them. And as if these troubles were not enough, another fell upon them.

Not far away was a neat-herd named Lampis, a crafty, dangerous fellow, who had thought that he might get Chloe for wife and for that end made Dryas many presents; but now getting wind of Daphnis's suit, and fearing that he would get her if the master were satisfied with him, he began to seek for means whereby he might provoke the master against him and Lamon, and knowing that the master set great store on his gardens he thought how these might be ruined and spoilt. If he set to work to fell the trees he would be seen and heard, so he thought that it would be better for him to make havoc among the flowers, which could

be done easily at night; and passing in one night by the little door in the wall, he tore and trampled them underfoot just like a wild boar would, and then withdrew, nobody having seen him. When Lamon the next day, on going into the garden, as was his custom, to water his flowers, saw the place laid waste as if by an enemy in open warfare or a robber, he tore his jacket, crying: O Gods! so loudly that Myrtale, leaving her work, ran to him, and Daphnis, leaving his goats to themselves, returned to the house; and seeing the great damage done, they cried aloud and wept; and though vain indeed it was to grieve for the flowers, they dreaded their lord's anger. It was not wonderful that these people should weep; even a stranger, who would never see the garden again, would have been moved by the sight of flower-beds and borders dug up and all the flowers thrown along the walks. Here and there a bloom had so far escaped outrage that it still shone as it lay, fair and resplendent, and these were still beset by the bees, murmuring continually like mourners. And Lamon, with gestures of despair, spoke these words: Ah! my roseries are broken down and torn, my violet-beds are trodden into the ground, my narcissi and hyacinths are torn up. A bad and wicked man it must be who has served me in this wise. The springtime will return, but

these will not flower again. The summer will come and the garden be without a bloom. The autumn is nigh and there are not enough flowers to tie into a posy. Thou, Bacchus, hadst thou no pity for these poor flowers that have been, in thy presence, before thine eyes, ruined? This wicked man has robbed thee of many crowns. How will I dare to show my master his garden? What will he say to me when he sees all this wreckage? Will he not hang his old servant, like a second Marsyas, to one of those pines? And will he not, perchance, hang Daphnis too, thinking that his goats have done this mischief, thinking he had watched them ill? At these words tears ran down their eyes again; the flowers were forgotten; they wept for themselves. Chloe wept for poor Daphnis, who might be hanged from the pine tree, and prayed to the Gods that the master, waited for so long, should not come; and her days passed wearily in thoughts that she already saw her Daphnis stripped for scourging.

Eudromus returned the same evening, bringing them word that they might expect the old master three days hence but that his son would arrive on the morrow. And they fell to talking, asking each other how they might tell the story of the ruined garden, calling into their counsel Eudromus, who, being well disposed

to Daphnis, said that the young master should be told how the mischief had happened; and he promised he would do all he could to help them, and he could do much, for the young master had consideration for him, he being his foster-brother. And on the morrow they did all that he had told them. Astylus arrived on horseback, bringing with him, also on horseback, a friend to keep him company, a seeming time-server, some years older than Astylus, as might be judged from their beards, for Astylus had no more than a little down on the chin, whereas Gnatho's chin had known the razor for some years. And the young man had barely dismounted when Lamon, taking Myrtale and Daphnis with him, threw himself at his feet and begged of him to have pity upon a poor old man and save him from the anger of his father, and the rather as it was through no fault of his that the mischief had been done. Astylus pitied them, and on entering the garden and seeing how it had been wrecked, he promised to take it all upon himself and say that it was his horses that had broken their tethers and trampled with their hooves on the beautiful flowers, Lamon's pride and care; and for this kindly promise Lamon and Myrtale prayed that the Gods might grant him the fulfilment of all his desires, and Daphnis brought him some choice presents, such as young goats,

cheeses, and nests of birds with the nestlings in them, vine-shoots with bunches of grapes upon them and branches of apple trees red with fruit, and Daphnis also gave him fragrant Lesbian wine, the most enjoyable of all. Astylus thanked him and seemed glad to receive the gifts, and whilst waiting for his father found pleasure in hunting the hare, as befits a young man of good family and fortune who has come to take the air of the fields.

But Gnatho was a guttler, who ate and drank to repletion, and after drinking appeased his lusts; in a word, he was all gullet and belly and what is beneath the belly. And when Daphnis came with his presents Gnatho was struck by his beauty, and certain that the town could show nothing that would compare with him, fell to thinking how he might make his acquaintance, for it did not occur to him that he might fail to get his way with a young goatherd such as he. And that his desires might be fulfilled he found reasons not to go hunting with Astylus, and wandered instead to the place where Daphnis was watching his beasties, saying that he had come to look at the flock. And to get his way more easily with Daphnis he began his courtship by praising the she-goats, begging him to play upon his flute some shepherd's song, and promising him that very soon he would use his influence, which was great,

with the master to procure his freedom. And believing that his promises and flatteries had brought the goat-herd to his will, he lay in wait for him in the evening when he was bringing home his flock to the fold: and running to him, he kissed him first and then told him that he wished to receive from him the kindness that the she-goat afforded to the buck. For a long time Daphnis did not understand what he meant, and at the last answered him that it was natural that the buck should jump upon the she-goat, but that he had never seen a buck jump upon another buck; nor did the rams mount one upon the other instead of upon the yoes, nor did the cocks tread each other instead of the hens. All the same, Gnatho laid his hand upon him as if he would take him by force. But Daphnis pushed him back roughly, and, as he was drunk and could barely stand on his feet, threw him on his back and ran away like a young hare, leaving to some passer-by the business of picking him up; and henceforth Daphnis kept out of his way, leading his she-goats to graze first in one place and then in another, avoiding him sedulously and keeping an eye on Chloe. And Gnatho, having discovered that Daphnis was not only beautiful but had a will of his own and could enforce it, ceased to importune him and sought instead Astylus, who he believed could refuse him

nothing and might be persuaded to give him Daphnis. He could not, however, find the occasion he needed, for Dionysophanes and his wife Clearista arrived, and there was in the house and about it a great pother of horses, valets, men and women; and whilst waiting to get Astylus alone, he prepared for his ear a long speech about his passion.

Dionysophanes was turning grey, but he was tall and so well built that he could hold his own with many a younger man, one of the richest of the citizens of his town and with as kind a heart as any. He sacrificed the first day of his arrival to the Gods of the fields and woods, to Ceres, Bacchus, and Pan, and the nymphs, and called his family together for the feast. On the following days he visited Lamon's farm, and seeing everywhere good tilth, vines well pruned, and the orchard as beautiful as before (for Astylus had taken all the blame for the flowers), he was pleased to find everything in such good order, praised Lamon for his diligence and promised him his freedom; and that done, he bethought himself of his flocks and the goat-herd that watched them. Chloe ran away and hid herself in the woods, frightened by the coming of such a grand company. Daphnis remained, and waited for his master, his loins covered with a goatskin of long shag, a new wallet slung over his shoulders, holding

in one hand a cheese freshly made, and with the other leading some suckling kids. If Apollo had ever been neat-herd to Laomedon, he must have appeared like Daphnis when he stood silently, his face red with blushes and his eyes downcast, before the master, offering him his gifts. And then Lamon, speaking for him, said: This is Daphnis, master, thy goat-herd. Out of the fifty she-goats and the two bucks that thou gavest me, he has made a hundred she-goats and ten bucks. See how fat they are, with long, shaggy hair, and not a broken horn among them; and well instructed, too, in music, and obedient to it, doing all he wishes at the sound of his flute.

Clearista, being present, said that she would like to see these things done, and Daphnis was told to play his flute as he was accustomed to do when he wished to direct his flock; and he was promised, if he succeeded, a new jacket, shirt, and shoes. Then Daphnis, standing under an oak and with all the company about him, took his flute from his wallet and blew softly into it; immediately the she-goats stopped, all raising their heads; then he blew for them to graze, and immediately they dropped their muzzles and browsed; then he played a sweet, low tune, and at once they were all lying on the ground; another set of notes, clear and sharp, and they fled into the wood as if at the approach

of a wolf; and then at the note of recall they returned from the wood and lay down about his feet. Never did a master have serfs more obedient to his orders than these shes were to the sound of the flute. At which the company wondered, and of all, Clearista, who said that she would give what she had promised to the gentle goat-herd, who was so handsome and played his flute so well. After that they repaired to the house and supped, and they sent out to Daphnis some share of the food, which he received and ate with Chloe joyfully, curious to eat food cooked according to town fashion, and having now good hope that he would be able to obtain his master's consent to his marriage.

But the sight of Daphnis with his flute had inflamed Gnatho, and thinking that without Daphnis his life was not life at all, he took advantage of a moment when Astylus was walking alone in the garden to take him to the temple of Bacchus and there to kiss his hands and his feet. And Astylus asking why he did this and what he wished to say: Your poor Gnatho is undone, master, said he, for I, who till now was in love only with a table loaded with good cheer, and to whom nothing was so desirable as a jar of old wine, and who said that all the youths of Mitylene were not to be compared with thy cooks, find nothing in this

world amiable or beautiful but Daphnis. Yes, I would like to be one of his she-goats, and would leave all that is served at thy table, meat, fish, preserved fruits, if I might eat grass to the sound of his flute and under his crook browse on leaves. But do thou, my master, save the life of thy Gnatho, and vanquish unvanquishable love; else I swear by thee, who art my God, that after having filled my belly I will take my knife and go to Daphnis's threshold, and there I shall kill myself, and then thou 'lt have no one to whom thou canst say: My good little Gnatho!

The young man was of such kindly heart, himself being acquainted with Love's pain, that he could not bear to see Gnatho weep and kiss his feet and hands again; so he promised that he would ask Daphnis of his father, that he might bring him as a servant to the town, and that Gnatho should have his will of him. Then for comfort he asked him, laughing, if he was not ashamed to kiss the little shepherd, Lamon's son, and mocked at the pleasure he would get in lying with a goat-herd; saying which he sniffed as if he had suddenly got wind of the buck. But Gnatho, who had learnt at the tables of rich profligates all that could be said or told about love, and thought that he could justify his passion, answered with some good sense: He who loves, O my dear master,

does not think of all that. There is nothing in this world, if it have beauty, that may not inflame us. Some have loved a plant, some a river, others a wild beast; and what sadder condition of love is there than to fear what one loves? For myself, what I love is a serf by fate but ennobled by his beauty. Does not his hair resemble a hyacinth flower? and under his eyebrows his eyes brighten like burnished stones. Who can be insensible to his damask cheek, to that red mouth furnished with teeth white as ivory? Who is so insensible, such an enemy of Love, as not to desire all this? I gave my love to a shepherd, and in doing so do I not find exemplars among the Gods? Anchises, a neatherd, was sought by Aphrodite in his fields. Branchus led she-goats to feed and Apollo loved him. Ganymedes was a shepherd and the lord of all things raped him away for his pleasure. Let us not despise a child to whom the beasts themselves are obedient; rather should we be thankful to the eagles of Jupiter that allow such beauty to remain still upon the earth. At these words Astylus began to laugh, saying what great sophisters Love makes, and henceforth he was on the watch for an occasion to speak of this matter to his father.

But Eudromus having overheard a great part of the plan and detesting that so fair a young fellow as Daphnis should be given over

to the pleasure of this drunkard, and being well inclined towards him himself, wishing him all good fortune, went at once and told the story to both Daphnis and Lamon. And shocked, overwhelmed, Daphnis came to a sudden resolution: to fly with Chloe or to die with her. But Lamon called Myrtale from the yard. We are lost, wife, said he; now has come the time to reveal the secret. Come what may, though we lose our herds and the rest, and I remain like an ox in the stall, doing nothing, as the saying is, I swear by the nymphs and by Pan that I will keep silence no longer but tell Daphnis's story, will declare how I found him, will say how I reared him, will show what I found with him. I will do all this so that this gangrel rogue will know what he is and to whom he is paying his addresses. Go and fetch the signs and tokens. And that said they entered the house.

But Astylus coming upon his father auspiciously, asked that Daphnis should return with them to Mitylene, saying that it was a pity so pleasing a lad should be left in the fields and one who would soon learn the ways of the town from Gnatho. The father gave his consent at once, and calling for Lamon and Myrtale, he told them the good news that Daphnis, instead of herding the goats, would for the future wait on his son Astylus in the town; to replace

him he promised two other shepherds, and his decision becoming known, the other slaves ran to one another with the tidings, esteeming Daphnis a pleasant addition to their company. Lamon thereupon asked permission to speak, and he spoke in this manner: My master, I beg of thee to listen to me, a poor old man; I swear by the nymphs and God Pan that every word I speak is the truth. I am not Daphnis's father, nor was the happiness of carrying such a boy granted to my wife. He was exposed in the first months of his life by his parents, who may have had enough of older children. But I found him abandoned by his father and mother, suckled by a she-goat, who for her mother-mercy died a natural death and was buried by me in a corner of my garden. I found tokens that were left with him so that he might be afterwards recognised. I confess them to thee and I keep them to this day, for they are signs that he came of a much higher rank than we are. I am not sorry that he should serve thy son Astylus and be to a handsome and good lord a handsome and good servant; but I cannot abide that Gnatho should take him to Mitylene and make a wench of him. Lamon stopped speaking, like one suddenly struck dumb. He began to weep, and Gnatho, enraged, would have beaten him if Dionysophanes's stern face had not bade him forbear. Dionysophanes com-

manded his silence, and after thinking for a while he questioned the old man anew, enjoining him to tell the truth and not to invent tales in the hope that his son might be left with him. But Lamon persisted that all he had said was but the truth, calling on the Gods and offering to submit himself to torture if he lied. Dionysophanes turned to Clearista, sitting beside him, and they examined the story they had heard together. For what purpose or what end should Lamon have invented it? Had he not been promised two goat-herds for the one that was to be taken from him? How indeed could a rough peasant have invented such a story? Moreover, was it not plain that so handsome a lad could not have been born of such humble folk? So did they think and argue till suddenly it seemed to them that they were wasting time in vain conjectures and guessing, and that what they should do was to view the signs and tokens which would tell if Lamon's story was a true one and if Daphnis came of a higher rank than his foster-parents.

Myrtale went away and came back with the old sack in which they had been kept. The first to see them was Dionysophanes, and when he saw the purple mantle with the clasp of gold and the knife with the ivory handle, he cried out: O Lord Zeus! and called his wife that she might see these things. And when she saw

them she cried out: O ye Goddesses of Fate! are not these the very things that we put with our child when we sent him to be exposed by our maidservant Sophrone? There is no doubt that these are the tokens that were left with him. My husband, the child is ours. Daphnis is thy son, and goat-herd of his father's she-goats. Dionysophanes shed tears of joy whilst his wife spoke, and kissed the tokens and signs of recognition. Astylus having heard that Daphnis was his brother, dropped his robe and ran through the garden to be the first to kiss him. Daphnis seeing him running towards him with many others, and hearing him cry: Daphnis! Daphnis! thought that this was to take him prisoner, threw away his flute and his wallet, and fled towards the sea to throw himself from the top of the rock. Daphnis by some strange accident might have been no sooner found than lost if Astylus, guessing the reason of his flight, had not cried out from afar: Stop, Daphnis, have no fear; I am thy brother. Thy masters are thy parents. Lamon has told us all and shown us everything. Stop, look, how they come laughing. Kiss me the first. By the nymphs, I speak the truth. On hearing the oath Daphnis stopped and waited for Astylus, who ran to him with open arms, and the two embraced. Then everybody in the house, men-servants, maid-servants, father and mother, came in turn to

embrace and to kiss, rejoicing and weeping. Daphnis welcomed them all, but his first welcome was given to his father and mother, and it would have seemed that he had always known them, so warmly did he take them to his bosom; hardly could he tear himself away from their arms, so quickly doth nature establish trust. For a moment even Chloe was forgotten by him. He was taken to the house and given beautiful and costly garments, and when these were donned he sat beside his father, who spoke these words:

My children, I married when I was very young, and in no long time I had become, as I thought, a happy father, for the first child born to me was a son, the second a girl, and the third Astylus. I thought that three would ensure the continuance of my lineage, and this one coming after the others was exposed in his swaddles with rings and gems, looked on by me as funeral ornaments rather than tokens designed to make him known to us one day. But fortune counselled otherwise, for my eldest son and my daughter died of the same evil on the same day, and thou, Daphnis, by the providence of the Gods hast been preserved to help us through our old age. All the same, thou must not hate me, my child, for having exposed thee according to the wishes of the Gods. And thou, Astylus, regret not that thou shalt

have to share thy heritage with thy brother, for there are no riches in this world worth a good brother. Love each other, my children, and in respect of worldly goods vie with kings, for I will leave you large lands and well-trained servants, gold and silver, and whatsoever belongs to those that prosper. Only this land I single out as a gift to Daphnis, and with it Lamon and Myrtale and the goats that he has herded. . . . He was still speaking when Daphnis started to his feet suddenly: Thy words have called something to my mind, father. I must go and water my goats; they must be thirsty by now, awaiting the sound of my flute before drinking, and I sitting here doing nothing. At this everybody began to laugh. Although now a master Daphnis would still be a goat-herd. Another was sent to do this service to the goats, and they sacrificed to Jupiter, the Saviour, and a command was issued for a great feast. Gnatho alone did not dare to appear; for fear of Daphnis he had hidden himself all the day and the night in the temple of Bacchus as a suppliant.

And the news immediately was carried hither and thither that Dionysophanes had found a son, and that Daphnis the goat-herd was found to be the lord of the fields; and with the dawn the neighbouring peasantry ran from all sides to rejoice with the young man and to

make presents to his father. Among these Dryas was one of the first, Chloe's foster-father. Dionysophanes would not have it otherwise but that all should remain for the feast, having prepared a great store of bread, of wine, of game of all sorts, honey cakes in plenty, sucking pigs, and victims many were sacrificed to the protecting deities of the country. Then Daphnis gathered up all the tools of his trade, and these he presented to the Gods. His wallet and his goatskin were given to Bacchus; Pan got his shepherd's pipe and his cross-flute; his crook was presented to the nymphs, with the milking-pails made by his own hands. But first customs and practices are sweeter than a new fortune, and he could not yield these tokens of his past life without weeping many tears. He did not hang up the milking-pails before milking the she-goats, and he did not give his pipe to Pan till he had played upon it once more; nor did he surrender his goatskin to Bacchus till he had donned it a last time; and before giving he kissed every one of these. He had then to bid his goats good-bye; he called the bucks one after another by their names. He drank once more from the spring-head where many times he had drunk with Chloe, but he did not yet dare to speak of their loves, still watching for his occasion.

And whilst he knelt unmindful of all but

his offerings and sacrifices, Chloe sat alone in the fields, watching her sheep, poor, forlorn girl, saying: Daphnis has forgotten me. He is thinking now of some rich marriage. Why did I not make him swear by the nymphs instead of by his goats? He has forgotten them, too. Even whilst sacrificing to the nymphs and to Pan he has no thought to seek Chloe. He may have found in his mother's house a servant more beautiful than I am. Good-bye, Daphnis; be happy. But there is no life for me. She was still immersed in these sad dreams when the neat-herd Lampis, helped by some other peasants, came to carry her off in the belief that Daphnis would think no more of marrying her, and that once she had fallen into his hands Dryas would give his consent that she should remain with him. As they carried her away, the poor, forlorn girl cried loudly for help, and one witness of this violent deed ran to Nape, who told Dryas, and Dryas ran to Daphnis; but he, though distraught by the tidings, did not dare to ask help from his father, and unable to endure his pain went to the edge of the garden and broke in lamentation: O, unhappy that I am in having discovered my parents. How much better it would have been for me to have watched always my beasties in the fields. How much happier was I when I was a serf with Chloe. Then I saw her, then

I kissed her. And now Lampis has ravished her away, and when the night comes he will lie with her whilst I am eating and drinking, delighting in good cheer. In vain did I swear by my goats and by God Pan.

Now while Daphnis uttered these complaints, Gnatho, lurking in the garden, was listening; and believing this to be a good occasion to make his peace with Daphnis, he called together some of Astylus's servants and went after Dryas, telling him that he must direct them to Lampis's cottage, and made all speed thither. And arriving in the nick, they surprised Lampis as he was dragging Chloe over his threshold, whom they plucked from his arms; and after beating with their sticks the shoulders of the rustics who had helped him in the rape, they looked round for Lampis, thinking to take him prisoner, but he had escaped in the confusion. A veritable triumph this was for Gnatho, who returned to the house when it was dark, bringing Chloe with him. Dionysophanes was in bed asleep, but Daphnis walked weeping in the orchard, deploring his fate. And after giving each to the other Gnatho told him all he had done, praying Daphnis to forget the past, to keep him for a diligent servant and not to drive him from his table to die of hunger by the wayside. The sight of Chloe, the having Chloe in his arms,

made it easy for Daphnis to come to terms with him, and having agreed to all he asked, he begged forgiveness of Chloe for his seeming neglect of her. And it not being a time for reproaches, they at once fell to thinking what their conduct should be, both coming quickly to the same mind: that their intended wedding should not be made known yet awhile, but that he should continue to see her in secret, confessing his love of her to nobody but his mother. But Dryas was stubborn and would not have it otherwise than that Daphnis's father should be told, and took it upon himself to persuade Dionysophanes to give his consent. On the morrow at daybreak he brought the signs and tokens that he had found with Chloe to Dionysophanes, whom he came upon in the orchard sitting with Clearista and their two children, Astylus and Daphnis, and this is what he said:

The same need that obliged Lamon to confess his secret is upon me to-day. A like secret is mine to his: that I did not beget nor rear Chloe. Another begot her and a yoe suckled her in the cave of the nymphs. This I saw and marvelled, and since then I have brought her up. Her beauty testifies that she is not of our blood as much as the signs and tokens that I found with her, richer than any poor shepherd could afford. Look at them, and then search

Philippus inv. et pinx. 1714. *B.ue Audran sculp.*

Gnathon rameine Chloé

for her parents, for by some hap her kin may be one not unsortable with thine own, master. Dryas's words were cunningly planned, and they did not fall on unheeding ears. Dionysophanes, having Daphnis under his eyes and seeing him change colour and turn aside to weep, knew at once that there must have been love passages between these twain. And being more mindful of his son than of somebody else's daughter, he considered carefully the story that Dryas had told, and when he had examined the signs and tokens that had been found with her, the gilt shoes, the embroidered hosiery and the golden head-dress, he called her to him and bade her be of such good cheer as was becoming to one who had found herself a husband and would very soon find her father and mother. She was put in Clearista's care, who gave her such clothes and jewellery as befitted Daphnis's future wife. But Dionysophanes, taking Daphnis aside, asked him if she was still a maiden. Daphnis swore that they had only kissed and embraced and vowed always to belong one to the other, at which Dionysophanes was delighted, and laughing at the story of their rural oaths, he bade them to a banquet. And at this banquet could be seen how much nature can gain from art; for Chloe, gowned and with her hair caught up, appeared so much more beautiful in the present

than she had ever been in the past, that even Daphnis hardly recognised her. And whosoever saw her in her array would have unhesitatingly affirmed upon oath that she was not Dryas's daughter; he was there at the feast, with Nape, Lamon, and Myrtale, all four couched together.

On the days that followed they sacrificed anew to the Gods on Chloe's behalf as they had done for Daphnis, setting up bowls of wine. And as Daphnis had done, she gave all the tools of her trade to the Gods, her wallet, her flute, the skin she had worn, the pails into which she milked her yoes, and poured wine into the springhead in the cave of the nymphs, for it was there she was found and suckled. She scattered chaplets and posies of flowers on the tomb of the yoe, her foster-mother, which Dryas showed her, piped a farewell to her flocks, and prayed to the nymphs that her natural parents should not be of such sort as would misbecome her alliance with Daphnis. When they had had enough of feasts and junketings in the fields they bethought themselves of a return to Mitylene with a view to seeking out Chloe's parents so that the wedding need not be delayed any longer. Wherefore next morning they were busy betimes packing and parcelling their goods and chattels, bidding Dryas good-bye and bestowing upon him another three hun-

dred crowns, and upon Lamon the half part of the land to sow and gather its harvest, and the she-goats with their goat-herds, four yoke of oxen, furred cloaks for winter wear, and freedom for his wife Myrtale. And these things done, they took the road to Mitylene in a great pother of horses and wagons.

As they did not arrive home till late at night the citizens of the town knew nothing of what had fallen out, but on the morrow there was a great throng about Dionysophanes's house of men and women, the men to rejoice with the father that he had found his son (their rejoicings redoubled when they saw what a handsome, courtly lad he was), and the women to rejoice with Clearista not only upon the recovery of her son but also of a girl worthy of being his wife. For Chloe astonished them all; so perfect was her beauty that it was not easy to imagine anyone more beautiful. Briefly, the town spoke of nothing else but the young man and the young girl, saying that it was impossible to find a more beautiful pair. Many prayers were offered up to the Gods that the parentage of the girl might be found worthy of her beauty, and many rich Mitylenaean matrons prayed the Gods that Chloe might be reputed their daughter. But Dionysophanes, after having pondered long and arduously on this matter, retired to his bed, and a vision came

in the heavy sleep that fell upon him in the morning. He saw the nymphs in the vision begging Eros to bring about the fulfilment of the wedding, making good his promise. Whereupon Eros slackened the string of his bow, and placing it beside his quiver ordered Dionysophanes to invite the chief citizens of Mitylene to a feast at his house, and that when the last goblet was filled, the signs and tokens of recognition found with Chloe should be shown to each of the guests in turn; and that done, that they should sing together the epithalamium.

And having had this vision in his sleep, Dionysophanes rose betimes and ordered his people to prepare a great festival at which all the delicate meats that the earth and the sea and the rivers and the marshes afford should be served; and when the night came all the chief citizens of Mitylene were his guests. And when the last goblet was filled for libations to Hermes, a servant of the house brought in a silver basin the signs and tokens, and these were shown in turn to the guests according to their rank. But none recognised these save one named Megacles, who because of his age was placed at the end of the table; and as soon as he saw them he remembered them and cried very loudly: O Gods! what do I see here? My poor daughter, what has become of thee? Art thou alive, or

did some shepherd steal these tokens that it was his luck to find in his fields? I beg of thee, Dionysophanes, to tell me whence thou hast these tokens of my child; and do not grudge me that after thy finding of Daphnis, I, too, should find somewhat. Dionysophanes wished first of all that he should tell the company how he had exposed his child. Wherefore Megacles, still speaking with a loud voice, said: A long time ago I found myself without any means, having spent all I had on plays and shows and on building galleys and manning them. And whilst wasting my fortune on these things a daughter was born to me, and being unwilling to rear her in the poverty from which it then seemed I could not escape, I exposed her with signs and tokens whereby she might be recognised, knowing that many desire even in this way to become parents. The child was carried to the cave of the nymphs and left under their guardianship and protection. Afterwards I grew rich again; from every side money came; but an heir to whom I might leave my wealth was denied to me. I was not even fortunate enough to beget a daughter, and the Gods, as if knowing my desire, and to mock me, often sent me dreams that promised that a yoe should make me a father.

At these words Dionysophanes cried even louder than Megacles had done, and rising from

the table he went to find Chloe, whom he brought back dressed richly yet modestly; and leading her to Megacles so that he might take her hands, he said: Here is the child that thou didst expose, Megacles. A yoe by the providence of the Gods suckled her for thee just as a she-goat nourished my Daphnis. Take her, with these tokens, and after taking her give her in wedding to Daphnis. We both abandoned our children and we have both refound them; they have been reared together, guarded by the nymphs, by Pan, and by Eros. Megacles was of the same mind, and when his wife Rhode, whom he sent for, came, she found her daughter in her father's arms. Then they slept, remaining where they were, for Daphnis vowed he would not let Chloe go, not even to her father. And in the morning the twain begged their fathers and mothers to allow them to return to the fields, for they were still ill at ease in the town, and it was resolved to celebrate their wedding in the manner of shepherds.

So they returned to Lamon's cottage, and introduced to Megacles the foster-parent of Chloe, Dryas, and his wife Nape was presented to Rhode. And now all of them being in accord, preparations were begun for the nuptial festival. Megacles once more consigned his daughter Chloe to the guardianship of the nymphs, and among the many offerings that

he made to the nymphs were the signs and tokens whereby his daughter had been brought back to him; and to Dryas he gave what was wanting to make his three hundred crowns ten thousand. The days being still fine and beautiful, Dionysophanes ordered a plentiful feast to be laid in the cave of the nymphs, with couches of green boughs, and upon these all the peasants of the neighbourhood took their places. Lamon and Myrtale were there, Dryas and Nape, Dorcon's kindred and friends, Philetas with his sons, Chromis and Lycoenium; even Lampis was present, being forgiven. And all that was said and done was according to village life and customs. One sang a reaping song, and all the jests and scorns and whimseys of the wine-presses were heard again. Philetas played his pipes and Lampis his flute, Daphnis and Chloe kissing each other meanwhile. The she-goats, too, wandered in and snatched at the green branches, much to the dislike of the guests that had come from the town, and Daphnis called them all by their names, tempting them with green branches, taking them by their horns and kissing them.

Not that day only but the best part of their lives they passed as shepherds, acquiring large herds of she-goats and yoes, remaining always staunch in their reverence for the nymphs and for God Pan and for Eros, always averse from

meat, their choice going to fruit and milk; and, moreover, they gave their first child, a son, to be suckled by a she-goat, and to the second, that was a girl, was given the tit of a yoe; and these were named Philopoemen and Agelaea. And so they lived in the fields for long years and in great content. The cave of the nymphs was tidied with devotional hands, and it was adorned with images, and an altar was raised there to Eros the Shepherd; and so that Pan might no longer remain uncovered under the pine, they built a temple in his honour, calling it the temple of Pan the Warrior.

All that was long afterwards, but now, the night having come, the guests accompanied them to their nuptial chamber, some playing the flute, others the pipes; others with lanterns and torches in their hands walked in front of them. And when they were on the threshold of the chamber a nuptial hymn was begun in tones harsh and rude as the sounds of pickaxe and mattock. Meanwhile Daphnis and Chloe lay naked in bed, where they exchanged kisses and embraces without closing an eye all the night, wakeful as the night-jars, Daphnis practising with Chloe all that Lycoenium had taught him, and Chloe coming to understand that all they had done hitherto in the woods was but the play of children.


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